

# The Sketch

No. 672.—Vol. LII.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1905.

SIXPENCE.

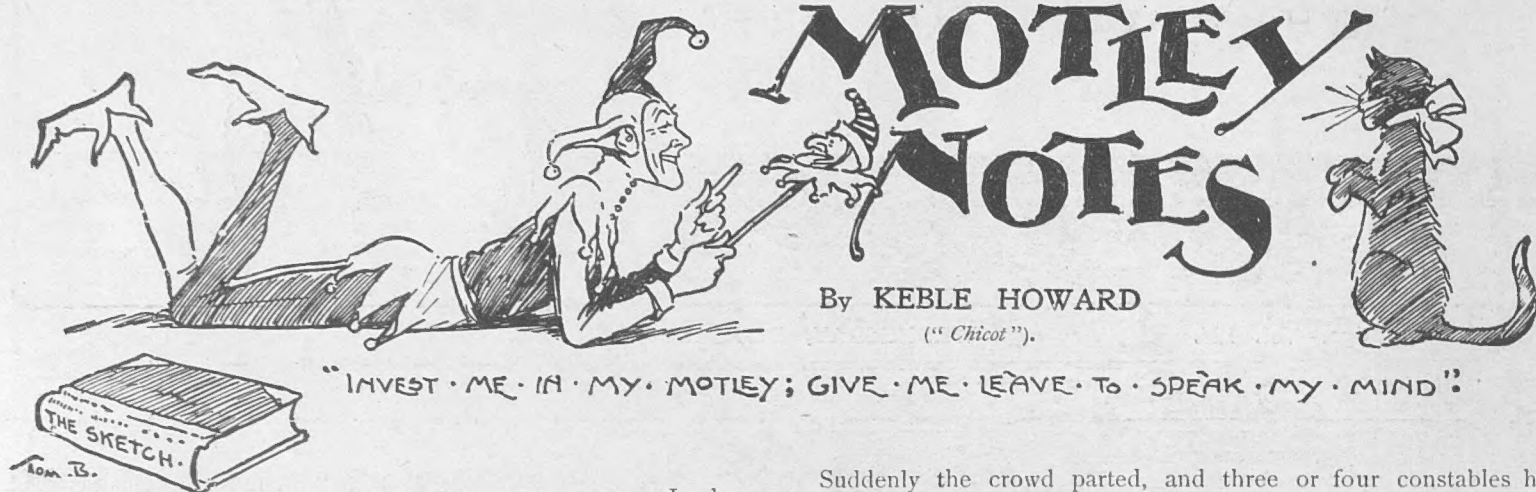


A PHOTOGRAPH OF A LADY WHO WILL NOT BE PHOTOGRAPHED: A SNAPSHOT OF MISS MARIE CORELLI LEAVING HER CAB AT THE PORTLAND ROOMS TO ATTEND THE SHAKSPEREAN BAZAAR.

Miss Marie Corelli has a great aversion to photographers, and steadfastly refuses to sit to them—hence the particular interest of this snapshot. The popular novelist was one of those who received Princess Henry of Battenberg on Her Royal Highness's arrival for the opening of the bazaar.

*Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.*





London.

WHEN I tell you, friend the reader, that my little "Nest-among-the-Stars," to which I have more than once made reference in these Notes, is next door to the Avenue Theatre, and that should another of the Charing Cross Station girders grow restless, my home and my household gods would be demolished in about three seconds, you will understand that the past few days of my life have not been altogether devoid of interest. I thank heaven, quite sincerely, that, up to the time of writing, no further calamity has occurred. You will wonder, perhaps, why I do not take advantage of the opportunity to remove everything of value—not of intrinsic value, for my possessions thus considered are insignificant, but things treasured for the sake of old associations. Before I give the answer let me describe the situation. On my left, as I look from my window, rises a lofty wall. It is the continuation of the very wall that fell outwards upon the Avenue Theatre. Here and there I can discern ominous cracks and fissures. The engineers are doing all they can to keep it standing, but they cannot promise me that their efforts will be successful. If, as I say, that wall comes down, I shall find myself bereft, in a rush, of books, pictures, papers, clothes, photographs, mementoes—all the simple belongings, in fact, that I have accumulated in my life. And yet I take no decisive action.

Why? Well, the reason is obvious: because I am a fool. I am fool enough to put trust in my luck, which—I am tapping wood with my left hand as I write—has never failed me yet. I am fool enough to believe that, even supposing this huge wall collapses, it will leave my home untouched. I am fool enough to feel a certain reluctance to drag my humble treasures from the hooks and nooks they have known so long, and see them borne forth into the chill light of an unsympathetic street. I am fool enough to shrink from any definite act that might possibly result in a permanent estrangement from my well-loved "Nest-among-the-Stars." By the time these Notes are in print, friend the reader, you may have read in your daily paper that "a further section of the west wall gave way last night, crushing, as it fell, the dwelling in its immediate vicinity." Then, as you skip through this epilogue, you will realise how gross a fool a Fool may be. Let me beg of you, however, to temper your scorn with a spark of commiseration. It is hard, one knows, to think gently of another man's folly, yet a touch of sympathy makes the whole world kind. Try to imagine me groping among the ruins for some little gift of a dear friend, some token of affection from one who has joined the shadow-host of Those-that-have-been.

Talking of luck—again I tap wood as I write—I shall always be glad that I was not in my rooms when the terrible thing occurred. For weeks past I had watched, in idle moments, those poor fellows who were working on the roof of the station at the time of the catastrophe; now some of them are dead; others, mangled and broken, lie suffering in the hospital. Light-hearted fellows they were, for all that duty brought them from their homes so early in the morning, and compelled them to labour at so dangerous, and yet so tedious a task. I had almost come to know some of them by sight, and used to stand at my window admiring the patient persistence with which they crept and crawled over that vast roof, knotting a rope here, fixing a plank there, hammering, soldering—and all for the sake, of the wife and little children who must be fed and warmed and cherished. "Men must work and women must weep." There are women and children in dingy homes to-day, weeping for those who will never return at nightfall. Ten minutes after the accident, I came down the street on the way to my rooms. The street was crowded—sightseers, policemen, firemen, fire-engines.

Suddenly the crowd parted, and three or four constables hurried through, wheeling something on an ambulance-barrow. . . . "Men must work, and women must weep."

It is almost too much to expect, I suppose, that the Charing Cross disaster will make the British workman more careful of his life. One of the eminent engineers who have been superintending the work of repair in the station all the week past attributes the catastrophe to sheer recklessness on the part of the men who were attending to the roof. Not wilful, criminal carelessness, you understand, but just habitual recklessness. "It is well known," he said, "that the British labourer will sit on the very branch of a tree that he is sawing off. I imagine that one of these poor fellows happened to loosen a nut or a rivet, and simply omitted to refasten it." That will sound impossible to anyone who has never observed for himself the methods of the British workman. Here is a thing, though, that I saw yesterday afternoon. It was necessary, for some reason or other, to lower a rope from the very top of the high, broken wall to the ground below. Looking out of my window, I suddenly saw a man standing at the end of the wall, on a spot that must have been crumbling beneath his feet as he stood. He was lowering the rope to a mate on the ground far, far below. His mate called to him to swing the rope away from the wall, so that it would clear some telephone-wires. Concentrating all his attention, therefore, on the end of the rope, the man leaned right forward. The least touch of dizziness, the least movement of a loose brick, and he would certainly have pitched head-first from that fearful height on to the mass of wreckage. I left the window.

Everybody is full of sympathy, of course, for Mr. Cyril Maude. For months past the builders and decorators and furnishers have been as busy as bees on the ill-fated little Avenue Theatre, and Mr. Maude must have been looking forward with eagerness to his opening night. Then, in a flash, the theatre was just a heap of rubbish. At three o'clock on the morning after the accident I went in to see it. Through the enormous rent that the envious girder made we could see the calm blue sky, across which the powerful electric search-light inside the station threw a shifting, vivid path. The auditorium was filled from stalls to ceiling with spars, bars, woodwork, plaster, roofing, pipes—every possible kind of wreckage. The stage, on which we were standing, was smashed to atoms.

"Don't come too fur," said the fireman, holding a lantern above his head. Then, indicating the sinister chaos that reigned where the stage had been, he added, "There's a man under that lot, but we can't get at him."

"Is he dead?" I whispered.

"Dead?" replied the fireman. "Ay, sir, he's dead right enough; anyway, 'e don't answer when we calls."

I am sure, taking into consideration all the circumstances, the patient competitors in the Christian Names Competition will forgive me when I confess that I am not yet in a position to announce the name of the winner. Among the few things that I threw into my bag when the police advised me to seek a shelter elsewhere was a bulky packet of papers, carefully corded, and bearing the inscription, "Christian Names Competition." Therefore, you see, *those* are quite safe, even if the wall should collapse this very night. Faithfully do I promise to go through them, all being well, before next I sit down to write these Notes, and faithfully do I promise, all being well, to publish the name and address of the winner in next week's "Motley Notes." Now, who's going to be cross with me? . . . My friends, I thank you for your lenience.

## THE OLD MOORE OF FRANCE:

MADAME DE THÈBES, PALMIST AND PROPHETESS.



during the day; and by taking the average of these she claims that she can find the general trend of the currents she considers to be "the march of destiny." "For example," she says, "I see in the course of a year two or three hundred hands of military men from different nations, and as many hands of diplomatists from the leading countries. Well, not only the hands in each calling will have

MADAME DE THÈBES, the well-known Parisian palmist and prophetess, predicts a "mad" year for 1906, and is of opinion that many drastic changes will be made in the scheme of things after January next. Belgium, she declares, is to play a curious part in the transformation; Germany will be seriously threatened; France will find her troubles increase. With regard to war, she believes that it is



a general resemblance among themselves—spatulated and muscular with soldiers, fine and pointed with statesmen—but also, if any great event is, at a given moment, to hold all these soldiers or diplomatists in tension, it will be marked in their hands."



in the air, although there is nothing to assure her that strife is inevitable. For the same year, she prophesies serious losses in the world of art, some of them by sea, and that towards the end of it the world's attention will be turned in the direction of the Near East, and particularly towards Turkey. Madame de Thèbes, it may be noted, is no ordinary clairvoyante. She was a personal friend of Alexandre Dumas, Adolphe Brisson, Jules Claretie, and Ernest Daudet; to-day Camille Flammarion frequently honours her salon; and it is rumoured that on the occasion of the King's last stay in France His Majesty also paid her a visit. Amongst the palmist's most famous predictions are the Boer War, the great Charity Bazaar fire in Paris, the Serbian Massacre, and the discovery of radium. Her method is to note the salient lines of all the hands she has observed



MADAME DE THÈBES AT HOME, SHOWING THE CASTS OF HANDS AND OTHER OBJECTS USED IN HER ART.



## THE CLUBMAN.

*The Burden of the Coming General Election—More Experiments on the Army—Why Officers are Leaving—Lord Roberts' Scheme.*

I HAVE no politics, and therefore I look upon the coming General Election very much as I do upon cyclonic depressions, fogs, "scorchers," cab-whistles, and other things which make life a burden difficult to be borne. I have a vote for a house, some acres, and some cottages in the country, and I believe that I am also on the register of a London district. All sorts and kinds of party officials, who have taken no particular interest in my existence before, are now keenly alive to the fact that I own votes, and every man jack of them assumes that I am going to give one to the candidate of his side, which rather amuses me.

A meeting is to be held in the schoolroom of the village where my home is, and I am invited by the agent of one of the parties, a gentleman who is suddenly anxious to have my better acquaintance, to occupy a seat on the platform. I have little doubt that the other party will also have a meeting in the schoolroom, and that I shall be equally welcome on the platform on that occasion; but I am like Mr. Kingsbury at the Haymarket: I feel inclined to toss up a coin and then to ask both agents to stop and dine and talk it over.

The General Election in January or February will keep at home quite a large number of men who would very much sooner be playing golf at Pau or Cannes or watching the little wheel spin at Monte Carlo; but the British gentlewoman and gentleman will sacrifice much to the fetish of politics. There are hundreds of men and thousands of women who are groaning in spirit because they are going to spend at least three weeks in canvassing in their particular divisions, in rapping at the back doors of cottages, and in talking of matters they do not quite understand to labourers who do not understand them in the least, in kissing dirty babies, and going through other unpleasant ceremonies. They would, however, as soon think of shirking these duties as of recanting their faith. Happy is the man who at election time does not know, or care, whether C.-B. leads the Radicals or Unionists, or whether Lord Rosebery has hauled up or pulled down the banner of Home Rule at Dalmeny.

The Army will be thrown once more into the melting-pot, I am afraid. If it were possible to put the matter of our land-forces outside the radius of politics for the full lives of two Parliaments, what a blessing it would be to the nation. A considerable proportion of good-natured Britons feel content in the knowledge that India is safeguarded for ten years by the Japanese Alliance, and hope that ten years hence we may have found our way out of the perpetual military mudille we are in; but that is not the view that the soldiers take. Most of them despair of ever seeing a really efficient Army. The

individuals are now receiving a better training than has ever been given them before; but the big machine is out of gear, and nothing but the golden oil the Treasury should supply can set it right. Each War Minister in turn has some scheme by which he hopes to supply a substitute for the oil, and each scheme in turn breaks down. An increase in taxation turns a Government out more certainly than any other sin they can commit, and our Army will never be efficient until the best material can be bought, which will never be while the Army is the sport of politicians.

More officers are leaving the Army because of the uncertainty of their future than because the work has become harder than of yore. It is one of the soldiers' cherished privileges to "grouse" at any increase of work, and to say in the ante-room that he is going to "cut the whole blessed thing"; but what is said in the ante-room is a very different thing from what is said in the orderly-room, and I never knew a soldier worth his salt leave the service because he was hard-worked. The uncertainty, the constant change—Tommy Atkins has a very expressive term for it—do, on the other hand, send good men out of the service, and the proof of this is that ex-soldiers, men with plenty of brains, are to be found now in greater numbers than ever before, working their way up in other professions.

Lord Roberts has told us that our Army at the present time is no more fit to take the field that it was at the commencement of the Boer War, and there is not a single soldier who would not echo the words if he were permitted to voice his views. "Little Hobs," however, is a bad man to beat when he has any cause at heart, and at about the age when other men think themselves entitled to slipped ease he has taken off his coat and is setting to work to make the Englishmen of the next generation capable of doing something for their country's defence, should the necessity of repelling a "raid"—which is the pretty new word for "invasion"—ever occur.

I do not see that teaching a boy how to fire a rifle and instructing him in the elements of drill are the least more likely to make him long to be a professional soldier than teaching a boy how to "put up his hands" is to make him a professional pugilist; but the boy who is known to hit straight from the shoulder when he does hit is far less likely to be quarrelled with by a bully than

he who would fall an easy victim; and the country whose whole manhood can, if necessary, hold their rifles straight is not a country into which an enemy will confidently throw a few hundreds of thousands of men. We have only to note the respect with which Switzerland is treated to see how a population trained to arms without being always in barracks is regarded by



MR. BALFOUR'S LATEST POLITICAL MOVE. NO. 4, CARLTON GARDENS, TO WHICH THE EX-PREMIER HAS RETURNED.

Photograph by Park.

taken off his coat and is setting to work to make the Englishmen of the next generation capable of doing something for their country's defence, should the necessity of repelling a "raid"—which is the pretty new word for "invasion"—ever occur.



A SIGHT THAT REJOICED THE HEART OF THE LIBERALS. THE EX-PREMIER'S GOODS AND CHATELS BEING REMOVED FROM 10, DOWNING STREET.

Mr. Balfour vacated his official residence, 10, Downing Street, soon after his resignation, and moved into his old home, 4, Carlton Gardens. 10, Downing Street was ready for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to move in on Friday of last week.

Photograph by Park.

its neighbours. Quite a number of country gentlemen are now giving a miniature rifle-range to the village school of their parishes and supplying the ammunition, so that any lad who wishes to learn how to shoot can do so. This is doing on a small scale what Lord Roberts is doing on a large one.

"THE BITER BIT."



THE "GRAPHIC" CHRISTMAS PLATE.

"GOT HIM!"—PUZZLE, FIND THE "GETTER": A SEQUEL TO THE "GRAPHIC'S" CHRISTMAS PLATE.

(With Apologies to all concerned.)

DRAWN BY HARRY ROWNTREE.



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# SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK



THE Dukeries are *en fête* this week, for this is their Majesties' first visit to Welbeck since the Accession. Few great nobles are as popular in their own neighbourhood as is the Duke of Portland, and this is owing in no small measure to his pretty, home-loving Duchess. The glories of both overground and underground Welbeck have often been described, but few are aware that the Duke is always

adding to its treasures. The King and Queen have not been to the place since it was unfortunately visited by fire some years ago, and the Royal suite of rooms has been much embellished. The Duke of Portland's estate is in the centre of much beautiful country, which, thanks to the motor-car, can now be explored by his Royal guests in manner that was impossible before.

*A Royal Romance.* It is authoritatively stated in Madrid and in Paris that the formal announcement of the King of Spain's engagement to Princess Victoria Eugénie of Battenberg is on the point of being declared, and, further, that Alfonso XIII. has in this matter shown himself a determined and resolute man rather than a romantic boy. Many difficult questions are involved, for it would have been natural both for the Queen-Mother and for the Spanish Ministry to have preferred a Roman Catholic, and, it may be whispered, an Austrian Princess. But if love laughs at locksmiths, far more true is it that love laughs at State policy, and the King of England's niece may be regarded as a suitable match for even the proudest Sovereign in Europe. Princess Victoria Eugénie has always been, as her double name implies, closely connected with two of the most venerable and interesting feminine personalities of the last century. She was constantly with Queen Victoria, being the only daughter of Her late Majesty's youngest and best-loved child; and, as the god-daughter of the Empress Eugénie, Her Highness has, naturally, been much thrown, during the whole of her young life, with one who was a devoted daughter of Spain

long before her romantic marriage to Napoleon III. It should also be remembered that the Empress Eugénie is a devout Roman Catholic and thus the young Princess, whose fate it may be to become the wife of the late Pope's godson, must naturally be more familiar with the Old Faith than most British Princesses.

*Mrs. Banks, the widowed mother of the youthful owner of Kingston Lacy.*

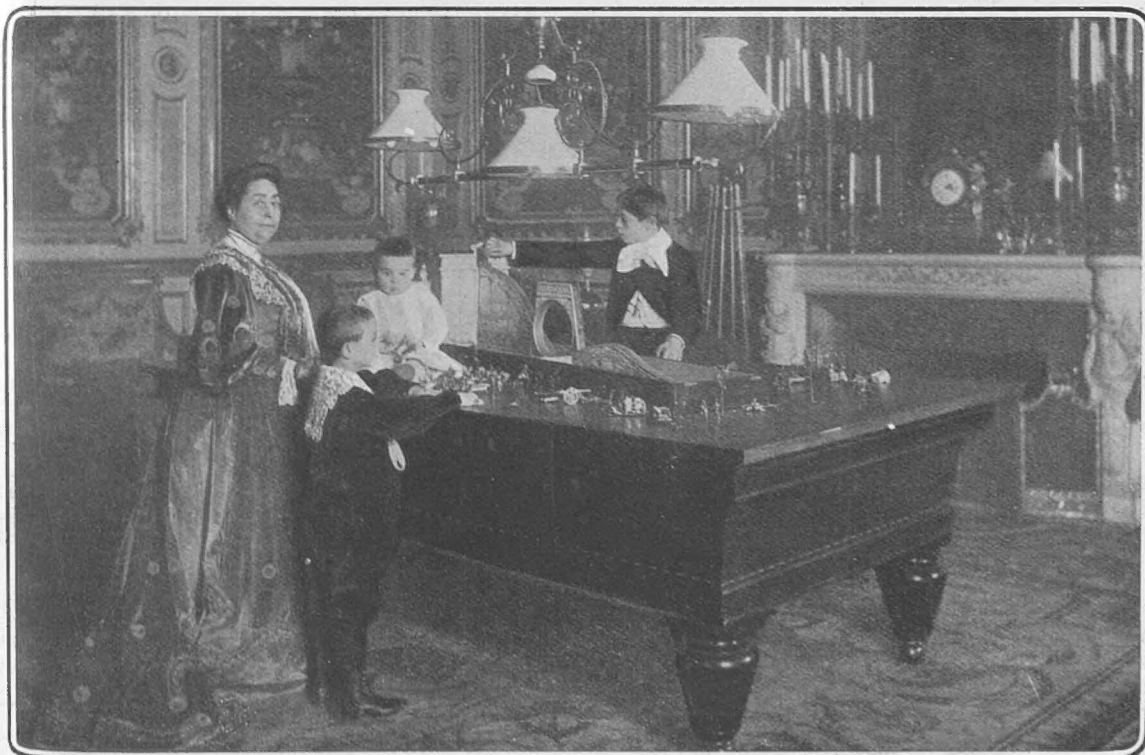
Kingston Lacy, who last week received a visit from the King, holds a unique position in county society, for her little boy is one of the chief members of that untitled territorial nobility who play so great a part in our island story. The late owner of splendid Kingston Lacy and of Corfe Castle had been married only some seven years when his premature death took place, for Mrs. Banks, *née* Miss Henrietta Jenny Fraser, was one of the brides of Diamond Jubilee year. Kingston Lacy is a treasure-house of beauty, and in the splendid rooms hangs a unique collection of Vandycks, as well as some of the finest eighteenth-century portraits in the kingdom. It is not far from Lord Alington's estate, and is also near Wimborne.



THE KING'S HOSTESS AT KINGSTON LACY: MRS. BANKES.

His Majesty paid a special visit to Kingston Lacy on Thursday of last week. The house is one of the finest in Dorsetshire, and since the time of Charles II., when it was built from designs by Inigo Jones, it has been a recognised show place. The Spanish room, which is hung with Cordova leather, and the pictures by Raphael, Murillo, Giorgione, and Velasquez are amongst the chief objects of interest.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.



MILITARISM IN MINIATURE IN THE FRENCH PRESIDENT'S OFFICIAL HOME: MME. LOUBET WATCHING HER YOUNGEST SON AND TWO OF HER GRANDCHILDREN PLAY AT SOLDIERS AND "LOOP THE LOOP" IN THE BILLIARD-ROOM OF THE ELYSÉE.

Photograph by Boyer.

*The First Lady in France.*

Madame Loubet, the wife of the President of the French Republic, is a typical Frenchwoman, and has become, since her arrival at the Elysée, exceedingly popular with the sturdy Republicans over whom her husband has now reigned—if one may use such an expression—so long and so successfully. Madame Loubet has the strong maternal instinct which always distinguishes a Southern Frenchwoman; she is a fond and vigilant mother, and is often met walking about in the neighbourhood of the Palace with her youngest son. From the first she has taken special interest in all those charitable institutions designed to benefit the children of the poor and the orphans of Paris, and at this time of year she spends many hours choosing gifts for the inmates of those institutions in which she takes a practical interest.

*Lord Curzon's Plans.*

The return of Lord Curzon of Kedleston is thought by many shrewd politicians to add a new element to the coming political situation. It is





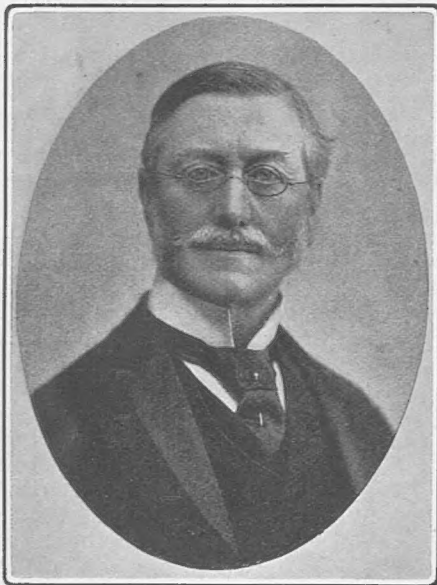
A UNIQUE INCIDENT IN MIMIC WARFARE: A REPRESENTATION OF THE EFFECT OF A SHELL STRIKING A REDOUBT.

A recent sham fight between a force on land and gunboats was distinguished by an ingenious device by which the effect of a shell striking a redoubt was shown. The redoubt itself was manned by a 12-pounder field-gun and crew. In due course, a shell was supposed to strike the redoubt, and at that moment the explosion photographed took place. The result was gained by the men in the redoubt themselves. Gunpowder was buried in front of the earthwork, and at the critical instant this was fired by an electric spark.

Photograph by Cribb.

said that the ex-Viceroy, taking advantage of the fact that he is an Irish peer, will stand for Parliament, and so return to the arena in which his first triumphs were won. It was at one moment thought possible that Lord Curzon would throw in his lot with Mr. Chamberlain, but he has always been a pronounced Free Trader, so it is more probable that he will cast his great influence on the side of

Mr. Balfour's Conservative Free Trade supporters. In any case the reappearance of Lady Curzon among political hostesses will give added brilliance to next season.



THE NEW PEER: SIR THOMAS H. SANDERSON, UPON WHOM THE KING HAS CONFERRED A PEERAGE.

Photograph by the Draycott Galleries.

must continue, and upon the permanent officials of the great Government offices the heads "whose names are common in men's mouths" must depend very largely. The statesman who passes from Pall Mall to Downing Street, and thence perhaps to Whitehall, cannot, in the nature of things, have one tithe of the intimate personal knowledge of a department that belongs to the chief of the permanent staff. These men give their hard and unremitting labour to the service of their country without departing from the privacy of their office, without appealing to the imagination of the public, content to ignore praise and censure, and to act while others speak. It is very right that they should not pass into retirement unrewarded. Sir Thomas Sanderson has earned the respect and confidence of all the great statesmen with whom he has served, and his knowledge of affairs, his ripe judgment, and his unrivalled experience have done a great deal to give this country its present happy position in the world of foreign politics.

*Sir Thomas Sanderson's Peerage.* Every politician, of whatever shade of

opinion, is delighted to know that the Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs has been rewarded with a peerage. Sir Thomas Sanderson has indeed deserved well of his country. While Liberals and Conservatives are blown in or out of office by the wind of popular approval or censure the work of our vast Empire

### A New Literary Peer.

The death of Lord Ilchester will be sincerely regretted by a large circle of friends who held the late owner of Holland House in high esteem, and the deepest sympathy is felt for his gracious and beautiful Countess. The new Peer, as Lord Stavordale, gave evidence of great literary judgment and taste both in his *Life of Lady Sarah Napier*, and more recently in his work on the Whig statesmen of a former era. The new mistress of Holland House is, as all the world knows, the only daughter of Lord and Lady Londonderry; as a girl she was a special favourite at Court, and she is clever and accomplished. An heir to the earldom was born this year.

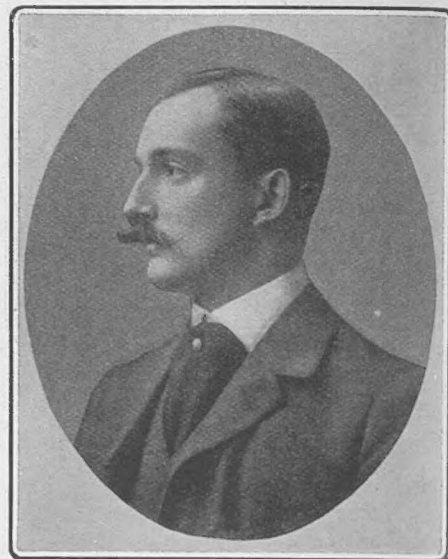
### Tact and Attacked.

There was quite a *contre-temps* at the last reception given in honour of Dom Carlos at the Elysée. Amongst the guests was the Prince of Monaco, and amongst the items said or sung by artists of the leading theatres was

"Une Bonne Fortune," by Alfred de Musset. The two do not square at all when you come to think of it. The Prince draws his income—well, from the green tables, and that is just where de Musset draws the inspiration for his poem. There is the whole picture of roulette and of the haggard, feverish players, "mute with horror before Destiny; following with their eyes the bread that is running away." The Prince smiled and smiled at these pointed allusions to the chief industry of his Principality; yet everybody else felt vastly uncomfortable, except the innocent Attaché who had drawn up the programme.

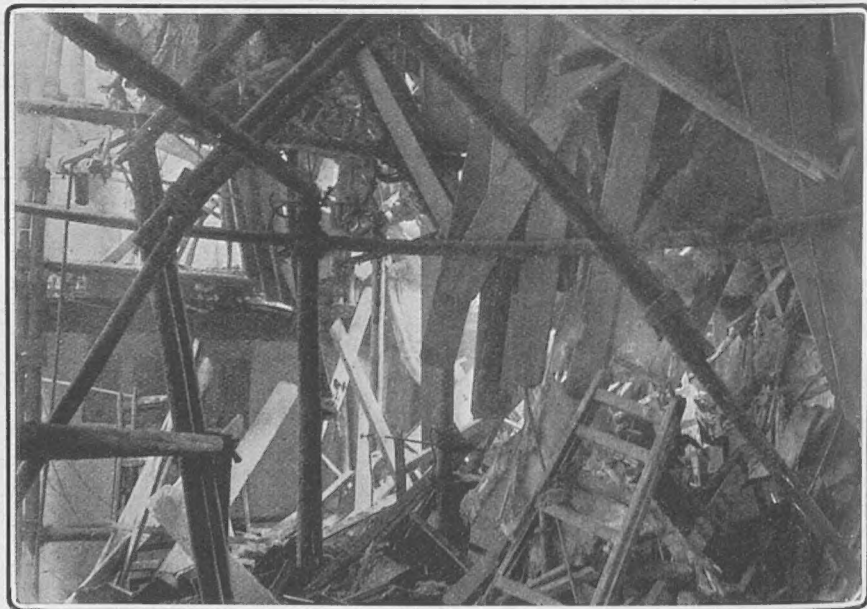
### Royalty and the "All Blacks."

The New Zealand football team, better known to the man in the street as the "All Blacks," from the colour of their "fighting kit," had their greatest social triumph when the King greeted a number of them at the Agricultural Hall the other day. It is now said that His Majesty is so far interesting himself in the doings of the Colonials that he will attend the charity match they are to play for the benefit of the Queen's Unemployed Fund. This match, to which the Queen may also go, is to be contested before the end of the present tour, but where it will be played is, at the moment of writing, uncertain.



THE NEW EARL OF ILCHESTER: GILES STEPHEN HOLLAND FOX-STRANGWAYS, FORMERLY KNOWN AS LORD STAVORDALE.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.



THE EFFECT OF THE CHARING CROSS STATION CATASTROPHE ON MR. CYRIL MAUDE'S "PLAYHOUSE": THE INTERIOR OF THE AVENUE THEATRE AFTER THE DISASTER.

The reconstruction of the Avenue Theatre, which, under the title of the Playhouse, was to be opened by Mr. Cyril Maude early in the new year, was terminated abruptly by the Charing Cross catastrophe. The damage done is so extensive that, at the moment of writing, it seems more than likely that it will be decided to rebuild the theatre.



*A Niece of the  
Ranee of Sarawak.*

Miss E. de Windt, the youngest daughter of Mr. Harry de Windt, the well-known explorer, journalist, and author, and a niece of the Ranee of Sarawak, is an exceedingly clever amateur actress, and, as a member of the company organised by Mr. Harry Brooke, youngest son of the

not altogether satisfied with the representation. They declare that the gifted Manxman is so often away from Greeba Castle that they are practically disfranchised. This is a little short-sighted. If they did but know it, they "make up on the swings what they lose on the roundabouts." Granting Mr. Hall Caine is not to



A METAL-WORKER WHO HAS WON HALF-A-MILLION FRANCS:  
M. NESSIN, OF LILLE, AND HIS MARIONETTES.

The winners of the £40,000 prize in the French Press Lottery, drawn the other day, are brothers-in-law, MM. Gelpin and Nessin, of Lille. The former was out of work.

*Photographs by the National Photo. Agency.*



A MILLION FRANCS FOR A HOUSE-PAINTER AND HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW:  
MM. GELPIN AND NESSIN, WINNERS OF THE FRENCH PRESS LOTTERY,  
AT HOME, WITH MME. GELPIN.

M. Gelpin is a journeyman painter, forty-eight years of age, and the father of five children. M. Nessin is a metal-worker, is thirty-two years of age, and is a bachelor.

Ranee, frequently plays in the neighbourhood of Ascot. She is also a member of the Ranee's orchestra, which is conducted by Her Highness, and does splendid work for the poor in the district. Not content with these accomplishments, Miss de Windt finds time for many outdoor pastimes, and, like her father, she has a distinct taste for adventure.

*Paris and  
Jiu-Jitsu.*

Notwithstanding the Russian Alliance and the

nine milliards of good French francs buried in the Tsar's dominions, jiu-jitsu is the rage in Paris. The music-halls have summoned the champions to show their knavish tricks upon the stage, and the Boulevards are delighted. No one goes to the Opera or the theatre now; the world crowds to see jiu-jitsu. In Parisian society you may hear a conversation of this sort—"Yes, we were there. Per-fect-ly delicious. There was a crushed nose, a skull cracked, two bones broken, and an eye damaged." "You had certainly the luck. We were not so fortunate. The Countess and I went to a boxing match. But it was not interesting—merely a few ribs smashed and a few teeth knocked out. Nothing worth mentioning." "Ah, *ma pauvre amie!*" "So you can imagine the boxers will not see us any more. We shall subscribe to all the series of jiu-jitsu instead." "Must you go?" "Yes, Bobby is not well." "Ah, your Pomeranian?" "Quite so. His appetite has fallen off, and his little feet are quite hot." "How frightful! I am quite upset. *A ce soir.*"

*Hall Caine,  
Lawmaker.*

The reading world and a part of the

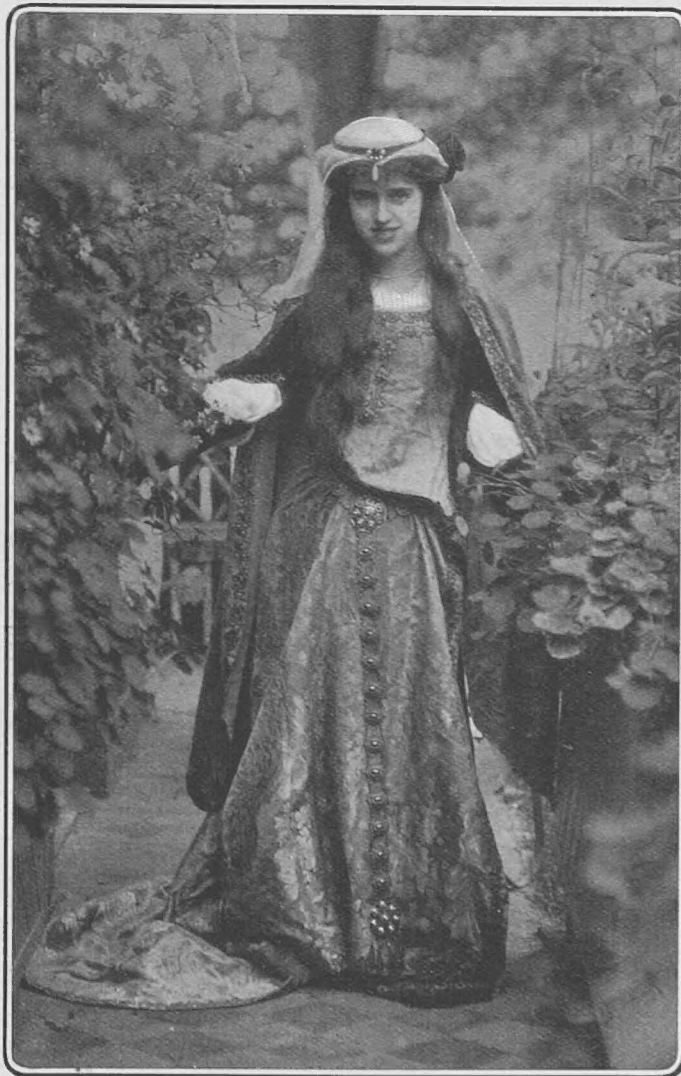
playgoing world know Mr. Hall Caine as a tireless worker in the fields of literature, but few people know that he represents Ramsay in the Manx House of Keys. One is sorry to learn that the good folk of Ramsay are

be found in the House of Keys as often as his friends would wish to see him there, he is at least serving their cause in a larger assembly. Many of us had overlooked the Isle of Man altogether until its distinguished novelist turned our eyes thither and forced us to consider the island seriously. Since those days how many of us have been pilgrims to the shrine, how much money have we spent there in the summer season? Without presuming to know aught of the island's historic House of Assembly, we dare say there are quite enough talkers in it to suit all tastes. If it be true that the good men of Ramsay think of seeking another representative, we would urge them in all friendliness to think twice. They will find that second thoughts are best.

*The Kaiser's  
Working Day.*

The superhuman activity of the Kaiser is well known. He looks after the music, the painting, the literature, and the morals of Germany; but that is only his diversion, for above all that he is the German Emperor. As Kaiser his work falls under three heads—Foreign Affairs, Home Affairs, and the Army and Navy. The department which gives him most work is that for Foreign Affairs, for last year he read 1367 despatches from abroad and 341 telegrams, and gave a personal decision in 918 cases. He never signs any despatch without reading it, and generally blue-pencils his remarks in the margin. In this way many a State paper has been rendered useless, and it is calculated that since the beginning of his reign he has signed at least thirty-one thousand documents. He also has a great number of verbal reports made to him, and it is probably this over-work that renders

him so nervous on occasions, and leads him to speak out things that he had better have confined to his thoughts or to his confidential correspondence.



A NIECE OF THE RANEE OF SARAWAK: MISS E. DE WINDT,  
YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF MR. HARRY DE WINDT.

*Photograph supplied by J. C. Bristow-Noble.*



*Last Week's Royal Bride.*

Of the many interesting bridals of last week none was so noteworthy as that of the Countess Valda Gleichen and Mr. Machell, which, taking place in the Chapel Royal, was graced by the presence of the Sovereign. The bride's father, though he sank his Royal rank on his romantic marriage to an English maiden of high degree, was the favourite cousin of our present Sovereign, and his widow, his daughters, and his only son have always been held in high favour at Court. By the King's desire—and in this matter the King's will is law, for His Majesty is the Fount of Honour—the young Countess will in future be known as Lady Victoria Machell, taking on every occasion the rank and precedence accorded to a British Duke's daughter. Lady Victoria was the second daughter of the late Count Gleichen; she is very gifted and has an exquisite voice. Much of her future life will probably be spent in Egypt, where Mr. Machell has a good appointment.

*A Question of Precedence.*

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is the first Prime Minister whose rank in the official capacity has been defined. Hitherto a Premier, if a Commoner, has ranked on State occasions among members of the Privy Council, and all Secretaries of State have ranked before him. Now, in the exercise of his Royal Prerogative, King Edward has decided that in all times hereafter, "the Prime Minister of Us, Our Heirs and Successors, shall have place and precedence next after the Archbishop of York." This places the Liberal leader above dukes and all high officers of State save the Lord Chancellor, that highly honoured Keeper of the King's Conscience, who comes between His Grace of Canterbury and His Grace of York. Hitherto the Premier has been unknown to the written Constitution, and it is said that the title "Prime Minister" was conferred upon Sir Robert Walpole in the early years of the eighteenth century by political opponents who had no desire to be complimentary. Mr. Gladstone remarked of the Premier in his official capacity, "Never did so great a substance throw so small a shadow."

*"C.-B." as Statesman.*

Although the Premier has been, in his day, one of the best abused men in Great Britain, few statesmen have left a better impression behind them in the offices of State they have directed. It speaks well for his personal popularity that the Stirling Burghs should have remained steadfast in his support since he first sought their confidence, as far back as 1868, when he was a young man of thirty-two. In Ireland he was conspicuously successful. Parnell confessed that this man, who could neither be worried, flattered, nor cajoled, was the only Chief Secretary with whom his party could make no progress. At the War Office, where he served in 1871, again in 1880, and finally between 1892 and 1895, he was highly respected, and to him the employés at Woolwich Arsenal and other Government factories owed their eight hours' day. Men who served under "C.-B." in Pall Mall declared that he was a sound and painstaking business man, with a level head that could not be worried into an indiscretion. He friends have been heard to say that the famous Cordite Vote would not have gone as it

did had "C.-B." chosen to explain that cordite will not keep, and that large stocks cannot be accumulated. The Liberal leader has a very hard row to hoe; but he may count upon fair play, no favour, and the help of some very brilliant men, who have perhaps languished overlong in the cold shades of opposition.

*Sir John Fisher's Promotion.*

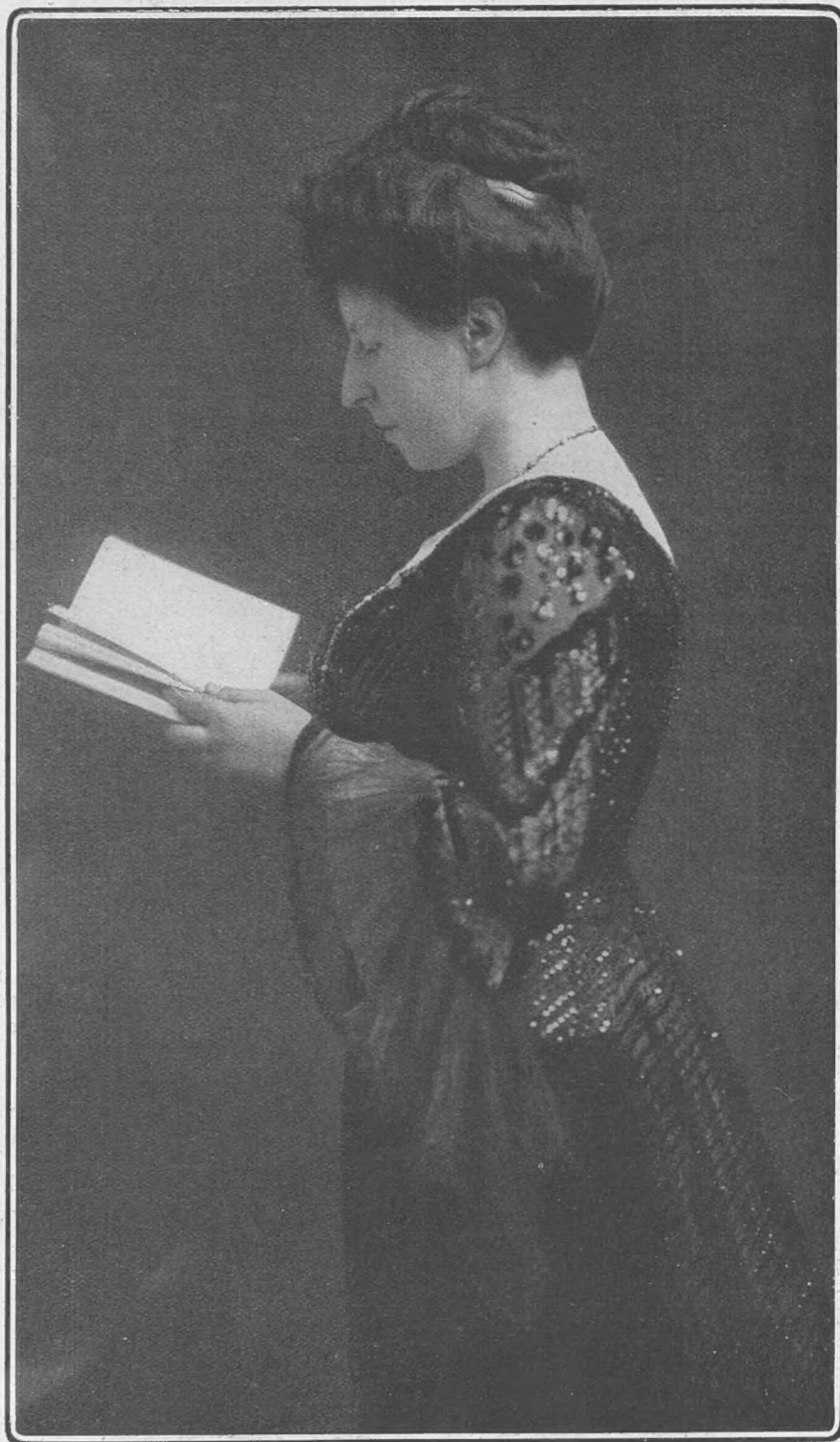
Just in good time Sir John Fisher has been chosen to join Sir J. E. Erskine, Sir C. F. Hotham, Sir Edward Seymour and Lord Walter Kerr in the highest office known to our naval service. He is now Admiral-of-the-Fleet, and can remain on the active list until he reaches his seventieth birthday in January, 1911. But for the King's timely promotion of our great sailor, he would have been compelled to retire next month on reaching the time-limit of his late office of First Sea Lord. There was a difficulty in the way of his promotion. There are already four Admirals-of-the-Fleet, and that number is one above the establishment. So Sir John Fisher's case will be met by a special Order in Council. People who see Sir John Fisher for the first time are quite unable to realise that he is nearly sixty-five years of age, and that he has served in the Navy for more than fifty years. But his active service dates from the Crimean War, and it would take a column of this paper to enumerate all the offices he has held since, while the list of reforms he has instituted would demand a special supplement. The Navy is proud of its latest Admiral-of-the-Fleet, and rejoices in the prospect of another five years of his direction.

*Tales of "Jacky."*

Her late Majesty was prominent amongst those who recognised Sir John Fisher's sterling worth. There is a story that on one occasion she desired him to pay special and peculiar honours to the French Admiral Gervais, whereupon "Jacky" heroically declared, "I'll kiss him, Ma'am, if you wish it." Queen Victoria, remembering the difference between French and English osculatory customs, laughed heartily. Perhaps better known is the story of the inefficient captain who was ordered by Fisher to bring his ship to a certain port by a certain date. He was profuse in telegraphing excuses that he couldn't possibly do it, and so on. Fisher merely said, "Tell him if he isn't there I'll send and have him towed," and, needless to say, the captain turned up "on time."

*The Humours of Elections.*

There were some curious results at the Municipal elections which have just been held in the United States. For the first time for many years the Democrats have succeeded in electing the Mayors of Bellaire, Martin's Ferry, and Bridgeport, in Ohio, but the three officials can boast only three legs between them. The Mayor of Martin's Ferry has both his legs, but the Mayor of Bridgeport has only one, and the Mayor of Bellaire has none at all. The Republicans, on the other hand, have carried the town of Mutual; but, not to be outdone, they have elected a man who died on the Sunday before the polling.



A BRIDE SPECIALLY HONOURED BY THE KING: LADY VICTORIA MACHELL. FORMERLY THE COUNTESS VICTORIA (VALDA) GLEICHEN.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.





JESTERS BEFORE THE QUEEN: THE FOLLIES, WHO GAVE THEIR ENTERTAINMENT, "O PIERRETTE,"  
AT SANDRINGHAM ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY.

1. The Fat Pierrot (Mr. H. G. Pellissier), Pierrette (Miss Marjorie Napier), Pierrette (Miss Gwennie Mars), the Lucky Pierrot (Mr. Dan Everard), Pirouette (Miss Ethel Allandale), and the Thin Pierrot (Mr. Lewis Sydney).

2. The Ladies of the Troupe: Miss Gwennie Mars, Miss Marjorie Napier, and Miss Ethel Allandale.

The theatrical entertainment given at Sandringham on Her Majesty's birthday was provided by the Follies and the Biocope—both from the Palace—and the Duke of York's Theatre company in "Pantaloons." The King and Queen, Princess Victoria, and Prince and Princess Nicholas of Greece were present. The Follies begin a five-weeks' season at the Midland Hotel Theatre, Manchester, on the 21st of this month.

Photographs by Hana.



By E. A. B.

**After Labour.**

When Mr. Morley, having finished his Life of Gladstone, spoke of a sense of loneliness, he expressed the feeling which must have come of late days to members of the Balfour Government. No matter how trying and irksome his office, a man feels desolate without it. The melancholy lot of the great man in retirement has its horrors for Lord Rosebery, who knows all about the condition, and has depicted it in moving terms. Gladstone, defeated in 1885, informed the Queen, when declining the earldom which she offered, that he coveted the interval between an active life and death, which the profession of politics had always seemed to him especially to require. Disraeli in his days of retirement looked back upon his career with his cry of "Dreams, dreams, dreams!" Melbourne was discovered by a friend in an agony of loneliness, saying, "I have sat here watching that timepiece, and heard it strike four times without seeing the face of a human being. Had it struck the fifth I feel that I could not have borne it."

**Settling a Point.**

The subject of the discussion at the Exeter Hall this evening, "The Book of Daniel and the Assaults of Modern Critics," recalls the story of a lunch at which Archbishop Benson was present. A discussion on Darwinism was toward, when a clergyman who had so far taken no part said fussily: "In saying that, you take away my God from me." The host begged politely to differ, but the cleric would take no contradiction; "I will hear no more," he said, as, figuratively, he sat down on the debate. The incident brought to the mind of the Archbishop the consternation caused when the brother of the Master of a certain College suddenly said, "Mr. Hawker, of Morwenstow, told me angels had not wings—it would impede their flight." Everybody held his breath. "But that is not so," he went glibly on. "I saw one once, and it had wings—they were of gold!"

**Time's Forelock.**

The aged Lothario who has just been out-distancing youth by twice marrying within the space of ten weeks has an enterprising counter-part in the wife of a distinguished Parisian. The latter suffers from "chronic nephew," a sister's son who will not marry, but makes his venerable uncle's life a burden to him. In his despair the old gentleman consulted a matrimonial agent, with a view to finding a partner for the bachelor. He was shown many portraits of maidens forlorn and widows all a-weeping. Among the latter, to his amazement, he found a charming portrait of his own young wife. What did it mean? he asked her upon his return. The explanation was perfectly easy. "That was last year, dearest, when you had been given up by all the doctors," she answered with sweet simplicity.

**Will and Deed.**

Members for constituencies and candidates are subjected just now to a good deal of chaff upon the hat-in-hand attitude which necessity compels them to adopt towards the free and independent electors of this great and glorious land. Men pay dearly for their honours. "Who's that?" asked one of the crowd listening to a very illustrious orator; and, being informed, remarked, "Oh, that's 'im, is it?" Then he took from his pocket, deliberately unwrapped, and threw at the speaker a dead cat. Macaulay's introduction to politics was of much the same order. He had run down to the Hoop Hotel at Cambridge to hear the local Member, when someone hit him full in the face with a kitten which had been a long age dead. The thrower hastened to apologise, and explain that the missile had been intended for Mr. Adeane. "Well," said Macaulay, "I wish you had aimed at me and hit Mr. Adeane."



THE OLDEST OFFICER IN THE GERMAN ARMY: THE CENTENARIAN LIEUTENANT VON FRANK.

Lieutenant von Frank, who has just celebrated his 100th birthday at Charlottenburg, was educated at the College of Cadets, and entered an infantry regiment in Posen in 1826. He is in perfect health, and in possession of all his faculties.

Photograph by Clément and Co.

married, is desirous of meeting a man of experience who will dissuade him from the step," ran this ingenuous appeal.

**Other Times, Other Manners.**

Guests at the dinner at which Justice Bargrave Deane is to be entertained by the South-Eastern Circuit to-morrow evening would be surprised to see him and others appear in their wigs. That such an apparition may be avoided, we have to thank a woman. Lord Eldon's good lady objected to the judicial wig in private, so he appealed successfully to the King for permission to appear in his own hair when in the social circle. Manners change as well as garb, or we might have had the guest of the evening following, in regard to this dinner, the precedent of a distinguished Scottish Judge. "One more question before you leave the box, witness," said Lord Kames. "Remember that you are on oath. You say that you are from Brechin. Do you know Colin Gillies?" The witness replied in the affirmative.



AN "ALL BLACK" BIBLE CLASS AT CARDIFF.

The "Coloured Men's Christian Association," more popularly known as the "All Black Bible Class," was started at Cardiff by the Rev. J. Harvey Boudier. Most of its members are sailors, who make use of the association when their ships are in port, and all of them belong to coloured races.

Photograph by T. L. Dancer.

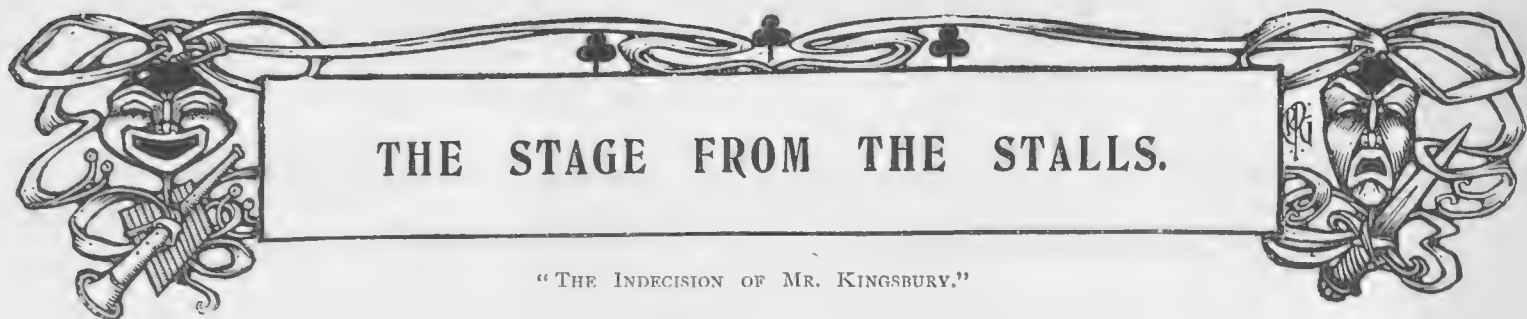
"Then, remembering that you are on your oath, tell him that I shall breakfast with him on Tuesday morning," said his very excellent Lordship.



REMODELLING THE HUMAN FACE.  
THE WORK OF THE NOSE-BEAUTIFIER.



1 and 1a. A patient before and after undergoing an operation to reduce the bridge of the nose.  
2 and 2a. Before and after a visit to the nose-surgeon. 3 and 3a. Radiographs of a nose before and after the reduction of its bridge. 4 and 4a. Before the operation, and after.  
The inborn desire of everyone to appear more or less beautiful in the eyes of the world reaches an exceptional height, perhaps, when it leads to surgical operations designed to remedy pranks of Nature. Yet there are many willing to employ the surgeon's knife in an endeavour to add to their good looks. The nose is frequently abnormal, and to make it normal Dr. Jacques Joseph, of Berlin, has devoted much time and skill; his method is here illustrated. Our page forms an elaboration of "Surgery as a Beautifier," which appears in the Christmas "Strand."



## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

"THE INDECISION OF MR. KINGSBURY."

A MALIGNANT friend of mine is collecting the criticisms on the new piece in which phrases are rung upon the *indecisiveness* of the play concerning the "*Indecision of Mr. Kingsbury*," and says that he has made a good bag. There is really some excuse for the critics who tried to enliven their "copy" by the phrases, since the charge happens to be true. Of late years the divisions between farce, farcical comedy, and comedy have often been broken, and as a rule with disastrous results. Scientifically speaking, each category represents a different plane of truth, or, rather, of verisimilitude, and to mix them up is like jumbling together first, second, and third-class passengers into one car, and expecting the people to look like and act like one another. One radical objection is that a different style of acting is demanded by each class of play. In the case of the new Haymarket work, Mr. Charles Hawtrey was chief sufferer. He had to act scenes wildly farcical in character, and passages of serious comedy. An opportunist would have handled each in its turn according to its nature, but Mr. Hawtrey, consciously or unconsciously, tried to make his Mr. Kingsbury uniform in style. He strained the scenes of comedy towards farce, and mitigated the farcical passages, with the result that if his acting could be regarded apart from its effect on the play it was a triumph of compromise between styles; unfortunately, the piece suffered, since he was neither as funny nor as impressively serious as he could have been in the individual scenes presented by him. There was a kind of subjective pathos in the shamefaced way in which he tossed up as to which he should abandon, mother or sweetheart, in a scene intended to be really sentimental. Moreover, what Mr. Lennox presumably desired to be an unconventional study of character in the case of Mrs. Dutch—the dashing little widow, quite "straight" though so imprudent as to get much talked about by people clearly justified in distrusting her—gave another instance of the injury due to confusion of styles. At first some of us (most of us, I fancy) thought she was a saucy little baggage—not exactly a *demi-mondaine* as Dumas' term is used nowadays, but, say, a three-quarters *mondaine*—and imagined, despite the adjective "comedy" on the programme (for none of us believe any longer in programme classification), that we were to have a larkish farce concerning the indecisive Kingsbury and the little widow, and that sooner or later an *ingénue* would turn up and capture the flabby heart of the semi-youthful hero and put the widow's little nose out of joint. Judge, then, the surprise when it appeared that Mrs. Dutch was strictly virtuous and Kingsbury had married her, and we were treated to a comedy—which began only with the third act—of the *femme incomprise*, the stupid but loving husband, and the wicked, philandering foreigner; and that the play was drifting to an "*Oh, ma mère*" kind of *coup-de-théâtre*, where Kingsbury, shocked at his wife's rudeness to his mother, suddenly awakens to mild manhood, trounces the skittish Mrs. Kingsbury in the style of farcical comedy, and fills her empty little heart with a glow of love and admiration unlikely to last for twenty-four hours after the fall of the curtain,

"The Indecision of Mr. Kingsbury" suffers from another fault common to the hybrid pieces now in vogue, and fatal to many of them—excessive length. There is just enough matter in it for three Acts, but it is padded out to four. Plays have to be strong in dramatic interest, or full of movement, or real masterpieces, to hold an audience from 8 till 11.15, and many a work has been withdrawn because it was in four Acts instead of three, and no one has believed the pretty little paragraphs putting forward strange reasons for its withdrawal despite alleged prodigious success. No doubt it would be difficult, but not impossible, to cut the play, for the first and last Acts are the best. Yet one would not like to sacrifice the lively comic scenes between Jane Chatterleigh and her lover, which were very cleverly acted by Miss Maud Wynter, who shows a valuable gift for comedy, and Mr. Wilfred Draycott. What a pity, if there is to be so much padding, that some of it cannot be taken out and replaced by passages between this entertaining couple!

There is certainly another side to the affair, for a good deal of the play is clever and interesting. How the praise is to be apportioned between Mr. Lennox and M. Georges Berr, author of the French original, I cannot tell; but undoubtedly there are some amusing lines in the English version. Whether the original passes in such aristocratic circles as are chosen for the adaptation I do not know; but if so, Mr. Lennox would have acted wisely if he had made a change. We are getting rather tired of having dukes and earls and viscounts in almost every play, though nothing turns upon their exalted station—which, indeed, in some cases tends to destroy the illusion of the drama. That the public gets an inaccurate view of Mayfair manners or the behaviour in Belgravia is a matter of little importance. Incidentally, one may note that the lofty personages are just like the untitled puppets in the plays. Probably an element of success will be the elaborate picture by Mr. Lennox of the French "boucher" called "*Le Petit Fouchard*." His acting was clever, but he made the creature

so unpleasant that there was an ill-effect on the character of the heroine, who flirted with him, and nearly, it seems, went further. It is a curious fact that most of the soliloquies and asides that give "*The Indecision of Mr. Kingsbury*" a rather old-fashioned air were put into the mouth of *Le Petit Fouchard*. Poor Miss Nina Boucicault struggled hard to render Mrs. Kingsbury a lovable, interesting person, and in some scenes was remarkably successful; but she could not give the air of silliness, of irresponsibility necessary to excuse this kind of Frou-Frou. The triumph of the evening went to Miss Fanny Brough, who acted the part of Kingsbury's mother charmingly. There was some waste of force, for no advantage was taken of Miss Brough's remarkable power that has enabled her to take many an indecisive play into her hands and rattle it into animation. Mr. Holman Clarke had a wonderful make-up as the Earl of Cardiff, and played cleverly. I ought to add that Mr. Charles Hawtrey's compromise of style did not prevent him from acting very ably and rendering some scenes really amusing.



MISS CAMILLE CLIFFORD IN THE "CREATION" THAT IS LESSENING THE MATINÉE-HAT EVIL.

Miss Camille Clifford, "the Gibson Girl," is now singing a "*Matinée-hat*" song in "*The Catch of the Season*," and it is stated that the ditty has already caused a sensible decrease in the size of the head-gear worn by ladies at afternoon performances at the Vaudeville.

Photograph by the Draycott Galleries.



THE STRAP-HANGER IN THE HOME.



FORCE OF HABIT.

JONES (arriving late, after a busy day, and addressing his wife): Madam, take my sheat, please. I'm 'cushtomed to shtand.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

## HOUSEHOLD GODS.

X.—SIR SAVILE CROSSLEY, BT.—SOMERLEYTON HALL, NEAR LOWESTOFT.

SPECIALLY WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED FOR "THE SKETCH" BY LEONARD WILLOUGHBY.

THE household gods of any traveller and big-game hunter must needs include many specimens of wild birds and animals, but I venture to think that no house contains a collection of trophies of the chase finer than that at Somerleyton Hall. Dwellers in the Rockies, Algeria, Spain, Egypt, and Spitzbergen, to say nothing

of other countries, have fallen victims to Sir Savile Crossley's rifle and gun, and many of them now stand, subjects of the taxidermist, in his vestibule, hall, and corridors. And there are other "gods" to keep these company—inlaid armour and Gobelin tapestry; priceless buhl and pictures worth a fortune; books, china, plate and miniatures. Both Sir Savile and Lady Crossley are lovers of all that is beautiful and rare, and as a consequence their rooms are no ordinary ones.

Somerleyton Hall is very old, although it does not show its age, the old structure being encased in more modern work. Once a brick house, with charmingly quaint gables, it was a typical old English home. To-day it is an imposing edifice of brick and stone, with a large square tower, a slate roof with dormer windows, and an



ONE OF THE FIFTY-SEVEN POLAR BEARS SHOT IN FIVE WEEKS AT SPITZBERGEN AND IN NO-MAN'S LAND BY SIR SAVILE CROSSLEY AND MR. ARNOLD PIKE.

enormous winter garden. It lies some six miles from Lowestoft, in a flat park with fine avenues, and close to Fritton Broad, which is owned by Sir Savile. Surrounded as it is by trees, it cannot be seen from the carriage approach until a sharp turn immediately in front of it brings one to the gates of the courtyard.

Its early history is, briefly, as follows: It was spelt Sumerleditum in the Domesday Book, and sometimes Somerley. At the time of the Conquest it was seized by William and given to Roger Bigod as steward; afterwards it was held by Sir Peter FitzOsbert, whose son, Sir Roger, was lord of the place in the time of Henry III., and was summoned to Parliament as Baron Osborn. The Baron's sister married Sir Walter Jerningham, or Jernagan, and on the death of her brother the estate passed to the Jerninghams, who held it for thirteen generations, after which it was sold, in 1610, to John Wentworth, whose son was one of the chiefs of the Cavalier party of the district, and thus on several occasions the unwilling host of Cromwell and his troopers. From the Wentworths, Somerleyton passed to the Garneys in 1651, the son of Elizabeth Wentworth having married a Garney, whose family motto ran, "God's grace guides Garneys." In 1672 the Garneys sold the estate to Sir Thomas Allen, Bt., who, in 1665, struck the first blow of the war with the Dutch. From him it passed to an Anguish, a relative, who assumed the name of Allen. In 1843, the male line becoming extinct, Catherine Anguish, the wife of the fifth Duke of

Leeds, inherited the lands. Her daughter married John Whyte Melville, the father of the well-known author. Lord Sidney Godolphin-Osborne sold the property in 1844 to Sir Samuel Morton Peto, the great contractor, owner of the Norwich and Lowestoft Ship Canal, to whose enterprise Lowestoft owes its railway, pier, and harbour. This gentleman rearranged, extended and altered the house, rebuilt the church and remodelled the village, and made the exquisite grounds and winter garden, but never enjoyed his work, as it passed to Sir Francis Crossley in 1862. The present owner, Sir Savile Brinton Crossley, second Baronet, succeeded his father in 1872, and married Phyllis, daughter of General Sir Henry de Bathe, Bt., in 1887. A great athlete as a young man, he got his "blue" (100 yards) at Oxford in 1880. He rowed in his college (Balliol) boat, and in the hall hangs the oar he used when the boat was head of the river in 1879.

I mentioned that there are many stuffed animals in the house; these are first in evidence in the vestibule, where two nine-foot Polar bears face one as one enters.

Here also is a marble statue of Sir Savile as a boy. The walls of the hall are hung with valuable tapestries; in front of them are figures in inlaid armour, and on them are heads of animals and pictures by Landseer and Herring. By the fireplace is a silver-and-gilt mirror, once the property of Queen Anne, and removed from Stowe House.

In the dining-hall are several pieces of furniture from Stowe, including four buhl pedestals with electric candelabra. The pictures here are most valuable, notably Stanfield's "The 'Victory' being towed into Gibraltar with Nelson's Body on Board," and "The Battle of San Sebastian," "Rubens, with Fruit," by Lance, and Rembrandt's "Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain."

The library has beautifully carved oak work, and is used as a small dining-room. The boudoir is full of pretty knick-knacks, miniatures, and embroideries. The oak parlour has wonderful dark oak panelling,

carvings by Gibbons, lovely china and more buhl from Stowe. The drawing-room is full of pictures and everything which can make a room delightful.

The cups won by Sir Savile and his sons—now at Eton—speak of their fondness for athletics; while the large oak casket containing an address from



A SILVER-AND-GILT MOULDED MIRROR FROM THE DOGES' PALACE, ONCE OWNED BY QUEEN ANNE, AND REMOVED FROM STOWE HOUSE.



CUPS WON BY SIR SAVILE CROSSLEY AND HIS SONS FOR BOXING, HURDLE-RACING, SWIMMING, ROWING, AND RUNNING.

the electors of Halifax is a proof of its recipient's popularity in the town for which his father did so much. In a word, Somerleyton within and Somerleyton without are equally charming, and many are the charities which benefit from the small sum charged on certain days of the week to visitors wishing to go over the wonderful gardens.



## HOUSEHOLD GODS.

X.—SIR SAVILE CROSSLEY, BT.—SOMERLEYTON HALL, NEAR LOWESTOFT.



1. A Marble Statue of Sir Savile Crossley as a Boy.
2. A Bronze Figure of Atalanta which stands in the grounds.
3. A Statue of Flora, an ornament of the Winter Garden.
4. Lance's painting of "Rubens, with Fruit."
5. Clarkson Stanfield's celebrated picture, "The 'Victory' being Towed into Gibraltar with Nelson's Body on Board."

6. An old Peg-mug, bearing the inscription (in Norwegian): "On the 20th of July, in the year 1856, the Crown Prince Carl, Vice-King of Norway, drank out of this cup."
7. A Suit of old German Armour, inlaid with gold (period 1657).
8. A fine Dresden Jug, "with raised surface representing the ocean with ships-of-war, a fine figure of Neptune on a shell directing sea-horses, attendant mermaids and dolphins, and insects beautifully painted on the upper part."

*Photographs by Leonard Willoughby.*

## TO SEE OURSELVES —



II.—THE PLAYER OF HAMLET AS HE IMAGINES HIMSELF IN THE PART.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



—AS OTHERS SEE US.



II.—THE PLAYER OF HAMLET AS HIS AUDIENCE SOMETIMES FIND HIM.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

# THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

A GREAT many interesting and valuable books of literary history have been published during this season, but none of them is more revealing and more attractive than the "Correspondence of Henrik Ibsen" (Hodder and Stoughton). Ibsen's personality has always been a puzzle. It is less a puzzle now, though enigmatic in various ways it must always remain. In this book we have a good introduction, and a series of letters written between 1849 and 1900.

It is no surprise to learn that Ibsen's early career was a time of struggle and poverty. His father was originally in comfortable circumstances; but he lost his money, and Ibsen had to support himself from the age of fourteen. For six years he was a druggist's assistant at Grimstad. His connection with his family was very slight. As a grown man he never wrote to his parents, though he kept up some connection with his sister Hedvig, who married a captain in the merchant service. To his sister he writes under date Sept. 26, 1869: "Months have passed since I received your kind letter—and only now do I answer it. . . . So our dear old mother is dead. I thank you for having so lovingly fulfilled the duties which were incumbent on us all. You are certainly the best! I do a great deal of wandering about the world. Who knows but that I may come to Norway next summer; then I must see the old home to which I still cling with so many roots. Give father my love; explain to him about me—all that you understand so well and that perhaps he does not." His father died in 1877, and Ibsen writes to his uncle: "The foreign papers and a letter from Hedvig have informed me of my old father's death; and I feel impelled to express my heartfelt thanks to all those of the family whose affectionate assistance has made life easier for him for so many years, and who have therefore done in my behalf or in my stead what until quite lately I have not been in a position to do." There is no doubt that Ibsen for years was quite as able as any other relatives to help his parents, but he did not think it his duty. He had about him that full-blooded axiom about which he once wrote to George Brandes, which "forced him for a time to regard what concerned himself as the only thing of any consequence, and everything else as non-existent." On the other hand, his relations with his wife seem to have been satisfactory. He sketches her character in a letter written in 1870: "Hers is exactly the character desiderated by a man of mind—she is illogical, but has a strong poetic instinct, a broad and liberal mind, and an almost violent antipathy to all petty considerations." To his sister he writes: "Enclosed I send you my photograph; if you have any of yourself and your family, send us them in return. I wish you knew my wife; she is the very wife for me. She asks to be remembered to you." Ibsen had but one child, his son Sigurd, and it is easy to see that he made a careful provision and many sacrifices for that son's education. His pains have been justified.

Strange to say, the friend and correspondent with whom Ibsen's relations appear to have been most continuously pleasant was his

publisher, Frederik Hegel, of Copenhagen. Many of Ibsen's letters to Hegel are published, and they prove that Hegel was a wise and generous friend, liberal and considerate throughout. Ibsen had very hard struggles and many cares in his earlier years. He never seems to have received large sums of money, but he was strictly frugal, and managed to make a little go a long way. He appears to have been most happy and contented during his stay in Rome, and his return to Christiania was not a willing or eager return. The largeness of life in Germany and Italy was very congenial to him, and he was constantly irritated by the pettiness of existence in Norway.

Much light is thrown in this book upon the relations between Ibsen and Björnson. They were friends at the beginning, and

Björnson was a very good friend. But they differed upon politics, and Björnson took great offence at Ibsen's "League of Youth." He also resented Ibsen's acceptance of orders and decorations. For a long period Björnson remained a Christian, and it was a deep grief to him to see Ibsen inclining more and more to Atheism. But as time went on Björnson approached Ibsen's position. Towards the close of the 'seventies, after a hard inward struggle, he finally relinquished his old Christian faith. Thenceforth to him, as to Ibsen, freedom of thought and the personal quest of truth were the highest good. So, in 1882, the year of Björnson's author's jubilee, Ibsen telegraphed to him: "My thanks for the work done side-by-side with me in the service of freedom these twenty-five years."

It is astonishing to find how deeply influenced Ibsen was by George Brandes. Brandes at an early age condemned Ibsen's habit of moralising, and declared that "Peer Gynt" was neither beautiful nor true. By-and-by, Brandes went over to Ibsen's side, and hailed him as his matchless leader. In his famous lectures on the "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature," Brandes insisted on the new conception of art which made truthful human character-drawing

the first and highest requirement. By these lectures Ibsen was deeply influenced. He went so far as to declare that the book "places a yawning gulf between yesterday and to-day." As time went on, Ibsen ceased to be aggressive. He refused to judge men, and tried to understand them. He is very reluctant to give a key to the meaning of his plays. He takes the ground that he has described faithfully what he has seen, and he leaves it to others to draw the moral.

I am glad to learn that there is a movement on foot to erect a memorial to Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Hamerton was born near Shaw, a Lancashire village not far from Rochdale, and it is proposed to erect a monument there. Of his early days in this region, Hamerton has written most interestingly in his Autobiography and in his novel "Wenderholme." Hamerton does not deserve to be forgotten. In many ways he was among the most pleasant and suggestive essayists of the last generation, and his little novel "Marmorino" is a masterpiece in its way.

O. O.

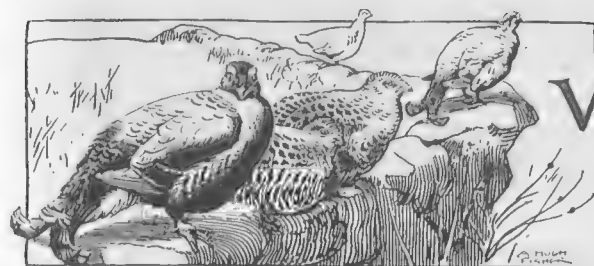


"THE BRAVEST DEED I EVER SAW."

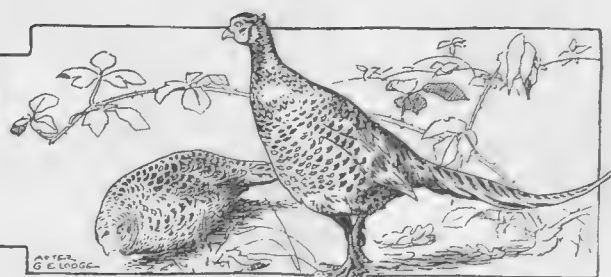
[DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.]

(With apologies to Messrs. Hutchinson, who have just published "The Bravest Deed I Ever Saw," a volume containing the experiences of a number of eminent men.)





## WEEK-END PAPERS



By S. L. BENSUSAN.

### *The Storm and its Uses to the Sportsman.*

One man's meat is said to be another man's poison, and there is no little truth in the aphorism where sport is concerned. The hideous gale of a fortnight ago, that worked so much ill all over the country, was pleasant enough to fowlers. It brought great flocks of birds to the estuaries, not only the surface-



HELD IN RESERVE: TYING THE WINGS OF A PHEASANT TO PREVENT IT FLYING.

*Photograph by Clarke and Hyde.*

feeding ducks, so well beloved of sportsmen—whether they follow them with punt-guns or the trusty twelve-bore—but geese, so hard to secure in these days, when they seem to grow more cunning year by year. Two different species of geese came to the east coast in the track of the gale—the white goose, who feeds inland, and the black goose, who prefers the mud-banks of the estuary, and only comes inland if he chance to lose his way in a fog. Both these fine birds were to be found fairly easily during the gale, and one adventurous fowler of my acquaintance took advantage of a lull in the storm to try and secure a shot at a great crowd of black geese. He missed his chance, for the birds rose wild, but he reached home

again before the gale resumed its fury, and this was a greater feat than the mere killing of geese would have been.

### *Black and White Geese.*

The white goose is, I think, a regular inland feeder. I do not know why he is called the white goose, seeing that he has brown feathers and black, and a yellow bill and yellow claws; but he is a fine fellow, heavier than the black goose, who, by the way, boasts brown breast-feathers and some white tail-feathers, to say nothing of a white collar round his neck. I have often gone in pursuit of both birds, and have had the rare experience of finding black geese on the land. The storm not only brought the usual company of fowl to the coast, but was also accountable for

someone of Philistine tendencies, who will shoot them and send them to be preserved in a glass case, presumably to be a lasting memorial of the shooter's indifference to the proper preservation of rare birds.

### *Table Delicacies.*

Sometimes when I talk of wild-fowl in terms of enthusiasm to sportsmen or others who have a town-spoiled appetite, they remark more or less plaintively that such birds are not good to eat. "Fishy things," said one, talking of wild-duck the other day, and stoutly refused to credit my assertion that the wild-duck never eats fish at all, but, like other surface-feeders, lives on sea-grass, with occasional visits to cornfields at the proper season of the year. My friend was so firm in his opinion that wild-duck have a fishy taste that I realised the true cause of his statement. He must have had a diving-duck of some sort palmed off upon him for a surface-feeder. I have reason to believe that there is a very brisk trade done in birds that are not properly adapted for the table. Pochards, golden-eyes, and tufted ducks are all divers, and very poor eating, though the pochard is quite tolerable when he comes off fresh water. If he does not, it is long odds that he, like his brethren, has been feeding upon shell and other fish, and that he is quite unfit to eat; but I am well assured that many of these birds, shot by professional fowlers, who know little about the matter, and care less, are sold for the London and big country markets, and give their better-flavoured cousins a bad name. Your genuine mallard, or wild-duck, is excellent eating; the teal is one of the best table birds to be found anywhere; and if the widgeon is an acquired taste, acquirement of the taste is easy.



ON A PHEASANT FARM: DOCTORING A SICK BIRD.

*Photograph by Clarke and Hyde.*

### *Various Plover.*

Among the tricks of the trade that I have been told about from time to time, there are many quite curious instances of the cunning of professional cooks. But even in fairly good restaurants one is not altogether safe. For example, you and I have often paid for golden plover, and have eaten the common green plover, or peewit. I once argued the matter out with the manager of a restaurant, an excitable French gentleman, who nearly lost his voice when I accused him of giving me the less desirable bird. He asked me, with a certain measure of contempt, whether I would measure my judgment against his, when he had been thirty years in his profession. Then I told him that if he could find me a golden plover that had a hind toe, I would be pleased to subscribe liberally to a pension for him. This "gave him furiously to think," and he retired for a while to make inquiry, returning with many apologies, and suggesting that we were both wrong, and that the bird was a grey plover. As a matter of fact, it was not; the grey plover has a tiny hind toe that can almost be disregarded, while the green variety has a long one of the kind that was on the dish before me. Many birds that escape the attention of most sportsmen make excellent eating in time of need. Moorhen, cooked after the fashion recommended by the great Colonel Hawker, offers a delicious dish. Fieldfare are excellent, and even the sparrow is not to be despised. The green plover, or peewit, requires no more than careful cooking to please most tastes, although, as stated above, it is reasonable to object to have this passable bird palmed off upon you as the real "pluvier doré."



MAKING SURE OF A BAG: CATCHING A PHEASANT WITH A HAND NET.

*Photograph by Clarke and Hyde.*

the presence of a few really rare visitors, who will either have the good sense to clear off as soon as the mild weather reveals to them where they are, or will fall victims to the gun of

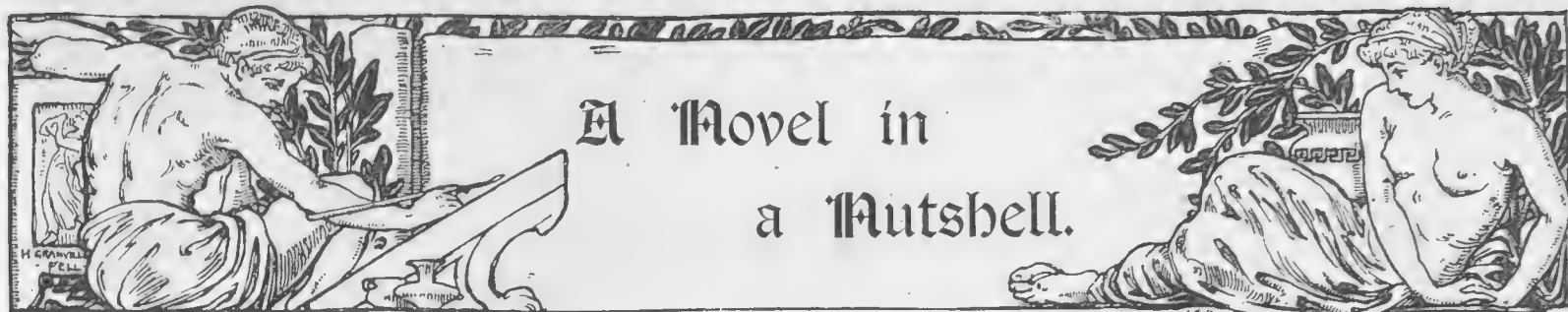


VI.—THE OBSESSION OF THE BOOK-REVIEWER.

The careful reader will recognise in the authors depicted George R. Sims, Max Pemberton, Israel Zangwill, Pett Ridge, Bernard Shaw, Rudyard Kipling, and Hall Caine.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.





## A Novel in a Nutshell.

### "THE OTHER ME": AN EXPERIENCE.

BY ALPHONSE COURLANDER.

#### I.

IT was while I was in Paris that I became aware of the Other Me. I was crossing the open space in front of the Opera, making for the Rue Lafayette and the one of its many side-streets in which I lived, when I noticed someone walking, pace by pace, at my side. It was long past midnight, and the Opera stood silent in the sombre darkness; only a few gas-lamps lighted the corner of the street, and being of a slightly nervous temperament, I felt a little afraid. I had read so often in *Le Petit Parisien* or *Le Petit Journal* of midnight desperadoes, who thought nothing of thrusting a knife quietly between a stranger's ribs on the off-chance of robbing him of a few louis.

I grasped my cane tighter and quickened my walk. Yet the figure at my side marked time with me—step for step. I affected interest in a flashing illuminated sign advertising somebody's watches on a big building. So did the figure at my side. When I stopped, it stopped. At length, with a bravery born of fear, I turned and faced my follower.

"Qu'est-ce-que tu veux?" I asked, sharply; and then I saw his face and stepped back with a little cry.

Whether we are apt to gaze into mirrors or not, we are all familiar with our own features. Some hidden camera photographs our physiognomy on our mind. We know the size and shape of our nose, the roundness of our chin, the largeness (or smallness) of our mouth. So, as I looked into the face of the man who followed, I saw at once that I was gazing at someone who was unmistakably, almost miraculously, like myself, even to the scar on the chin, which remains with me as a token of a bicycle accident in the Surrey hills.

Of course, it was ridiculous to speak French now; the man following me was so obviously an Englishman, with his hairless upper lip and beardless face.

"What do you want?" I asked; and then, as he was still silent, "Why the devil are you following me?" I burst out.

"It is you who are following me," he answered, mockingly.

"Tsch!" I replied. "That won't do, my man. You've been dogging my footsteps all the evening. What do you want?"

"You mean to say you don't know who I am?"

"I mean to say so," I answered.

"Look well at me," he said, moving a step or two nearer, as I moved away in distrust.

"I admit there is a certain likeness between us. Every man has his double."

"I am more than your double," he said, earnestly.

Somewhere a clock chimed two. I moved impatiently. I resolved to bring the conversation to an end. "I'm afraid," said I, "that you are presuming on a slight resemblance. Permit me to bid you a very good night."

I raised my hat, for, all said, one learns politeness in Paris.

"Oh, come!" he said, coaxingly, "you won't go home yet. The night is young, after all. Let us go somewhere where there is music and wine." His smile fascinated me. I had made up my mind to leave him, but he caught me by the arm and tried to guide my footsteps back again to the brightly lighted boulevards.

"Thanks!" I said, "I would rather go to my rooms. I have some writing to do."

"To-morrow will do for the writing," he said, persuasively. "To-night is —" he laughed, "to-night!"

I demurred. "But I don't know you," I said. "Your likeness to me is scarcely a sufficient excuse for the way you claim my companionship."

"Ah," he said, "you know me—but you won't recognise me. It is the way with all, I believe."

I made another effort to break from him, but his grip on me was too tight. "Why do you wish to leave me?" he asked. "I am a

pleasant fellow. You and I can get along well together. There is no reason why we shouldn't. Come!"

"I have some work to do," I said, feebly, knowing that I was unable to resist his compelling eyes and voice.

"You can work to-morrow," he laughed, "or the day after. For the present, let us amuse ourselves."

There was a curious fascination in his personality—so like mine, yet so different. I was one who wished to return to my rooms to work—to write. He was a man who, obviously, was a slave to pleasure—to music and wine, as he himself put it. We had moved along a little during our conversation, and we now came under the full glare of a gas-lamp. I saw that his brow was more wrinkled than mine, that dark rings circled his eyes, and that his mouth was downturned at the corners, in a harsh, cruel expression. He was as I might be ten years hence.

"Come with me!" he insisted, pointing towards the boulevard.

"Before I come," I said—and my heart thumped painfully, for I had my premonitions—"tell me—tell me frankly—who are you?"

"I will tell you when we are better friends. I will tell you, if you come with me."

So I went, leaving my work behind me, toward the music and the wine.

#### II.

From that evening he was with me always. I could not rid myself of his presence, and he was such an alluring companion that I did not even try to do so. Whenever I asked him who he was he merely laughed, and said I would find out soon. Strangely enough, he never used to seek me out in the light of day; it was only when night-time drew nigh that he used to accost me with his cheery laugh, and, taking me by the arm, lead me away from the little apartment that I rented in the Rue Pélétier. His facial likeness to me was unmistakable, but in manner we were different as could be. Whereas I was yearning to remain studiously at home and work—for there was great music in my brain—he was for ever laughing and saying, "Oh, to-morrow will do." And I was so weak-minded that I readily agreed with him, and thus I lived in a state of perpetual procrastination.

I must confess that he led me into many scrapes, and that we sat together nightly in this or that café assimilating many varied drinks, so that scarce a night passed but I went home unsteadily and totally unfit to continue the novel I had started writing. One night, I remember, he said to me—

"Are you glad you met me?"

"I don't know," I replied. "I admit you show me gaiety; but I am losing the grip upon my work."

"Pooh!" he laughed. "Work! What does it count, your work? You scribble a few things for which nobody cares; and you weep because you are not great. Better far make friends with me; I can console you in your misery."

I felt the desire for work slipping from me as he spoke, so gentle was his voice, so smooth, so sincere.

"What are you working for?" he asked; "an absurd, ephemeral fame, which does not even bring you money?"

"But I have the pleasure of writing for it," I ventured.

"Perhaps. But I know you cannot write for pleasure long. You want fame, money. You had far better relinquish your high ideals and enter some honest trade."

"I could not," said I. "I must write. And, really, I must be going."

"Nonsense, nonsense!" he said, again laughingly. "Look at that woman. Did you ever see such hair and teeth?"

I followed his gaze, and agreed with him that the woman he pointed out was indeed beautiful.

"I know her," he said. "I will introduce you."

Her name was Luciette, and after a week she drifted out of my life.

### III.

But he whom I knew now as the Other Me remained. Every evening he came to me, and, try as I would to avoid meeting him, I was not successful. That his influence over me was evil I had no doubt. One or two friends whom I used to meet commented curiously on my dissipated appearance. I knew that I felt dull and listless, that I no longer had that keen desire for work, that I could not concentrate my thoughts upon that higher, nobler plane which was necessary to the completion of my book. In short, this fascinating person—this Other Me—had me completely in his thrall, and my own self was gradually lost and merged into my other self.

You must figure me trying to shake off this influence, to win back those days when I was one individuality, aiming at one set purpose. I would contrive all kinds of ruses to escape from the Other Me. But it needed only the merest thought of anything which was not spiritual or ideal to conjure him up before me. Although I knew full well who he was, on one mysterious occasion, when he suddenly appeared sitting in the armchair opposite to me, I put the question to him bluntly.

"Oh, come," he said, with an engaging smile, "you must know me by this time. . . I am you. . . And, really, I think I am a more pleasant person than the real You."

"That is a matter of opinion," I interrupted, haughtily. "The point is, what do you want with me?"

He burst into a roar of laughter. "That's good," he said. "Very good; I don't want *you*; it is *you* who want *me*—only you won't admit it. Nevertheless, it is so. Every man has his dual personality. It is impossible for that complex thing called the Soul to be a unit. It is composed of many units; let me reduce it to colours. It is composed of varying shades of black and grey, and perhaps some white. I represent the black and grey shades of your soul; the fact that you have taken such a liking to me proves to me that there is very little white.

"I have not taken a liking to you," I retorted, indignantly. "I hate you and the sight of your face. Before I met you I was clean and wholesome; now my brow is wrinkled, and there are black, heavy circles about my eyes. I am like you. I hate you!"

"Really," he said, "you are rather harsh. I've done my best to amuse you. Besides, I must inform you that you will find it very difficult to get rid of me."

"Difficult or easy, I've had enough," said I. "You're ruining my life."

"Absurd—you're young yet."

"Precisely. Youth is the true life. As one gets older, one begins to understand. And with that understanding all joy of life is lost."

He came towards me and placed his arm around my shoulder. He murmured coaxing words, and begged me not to abandon him. He painted an alluring picture of fresh pleasures which he had discovered that evening. There was more music, and the voices of women, and the laughter of Paris. . . He conquered me completely, and for four weeks I gave myself up to him and his pleasures; then I fell ill.

### IV.

My illness lasted many months, and during all that time the Other Me was by my bedside, prompting me to do evil and desperate things. "Why don't you kill yourself?" he said, more than once; but somehow I knew that it was only by living that I could obtain my freedom. Bitterly, very bitterly, did I regret that I had ever allowed myself to be influenced by Me. I was a little delirious, and in my dreams I saw myself young and lusty in thought and limb, striding over the Surrey downs in the early mornings towards the sunrise, as I had done of old, in the days before I was caught in the meshes of Paris. . . The tidings of my illness spread to England, and, to my surprise, Felicia came, within a few days, to see me. Felicia came, bringing with her the blue of Heaven in her eyes and the laughter of sunshine in her hair. Her hand smoothed

my forehead softly, and swept away the hair that fell tangled about my eyes and shut out the light.

"I thought you had forgotten me," I said, smiling weakly.

"What made you forget me?" she asked, a little reproachfully.

"Oh, Felicia," I replied, "you have come in time to save me, for only you can save me."

"Yes, yes," she murmured, soothingly. "I will save you."

But I could see that she did not understand. I could see that she thought I was still delirious, so I explained the dreadful months that had passed, and related to her the story of the Other Me.

"Felicia! Felicia!" I cried. "You are so good and pure and beautiful, and I am so unworthy of your love. I have given myself up so long to the Other Me. Felicia, if I have your love, I am saved."

And she whom I loved replied, with a smile, "I love you; I love you more than ever, because of the troubles that beset you."

"Then," said I, joyously, "if you love me you will do anything for me."

"Anything!" she answered.

I lowered my voice to a whisper. "You must kill him," I said. "You will not be able to see him, perhaps; but I will point him out when he enters, and then you can kill him."

"Kill whom?" she asked.

"The Other Me," I whispered.

### V.

Felicia, with her saint-like face and tender sweetness, nursed me back to health. I was happy now that she loved me, for in the olden days we had drifted apart. The Other Me had not appeared for a long time, and I was beginning to think that he had left me for all time, when one evening, as Felicia and I were sitting alone in my rooms, he appeared.

I noticed him sitting in the chair beside me. He was laughing now, and seemed to be utterly ignorant of the pain he had caused me. He affected to be surprised at seeing a lady in my rooms, and whispered a vile suggestion in my ear.

"Stop!" I cried, "I have heard enough of your temptations!"

"What is it?" asked Felicia, anxiously.

"He is here! He is here!" I shouted. "He is here by my side. Can you not see him?"

She looked towards me with all her love for me in her eyes.

"Yes, yes, I can see a shadowy form by you. What shall I do?"

"You must kill him!" said I. "There is a knife on the wall—an old knife that I brought back with me from South Africa. You must kill him with that."

"I cannot," she sobbed.

"Then, Felicia, you do not love me. . . . Oh, kill him!" I implored.

"I am afraid," said Felicia.

"Kill him! Kill him!" I begged. "Only when he is dead shall I be clean and pure again. . . . Thrust the knife deep into his heart, and give me freedom."

"I dare not," she said.

"Oh, my beloved, if you love me, take down that knife and still the beating of his heart . . . if you love me. . . ."

"I love you."

The Other Me laughed mockingly. "Nothing can kill me," he said.

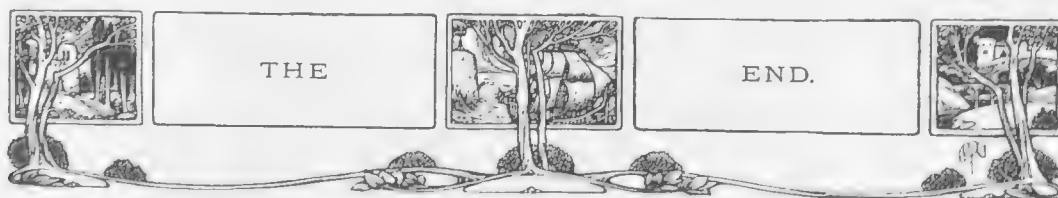
"Felicia," I cried, in agony, "do you love me?"

As through the mists I heard her voice: "Yes, yes, I love you," she answered.

"Then kill him," I said. "For only then shall we be happy, and only then shall I be worthy of your love."

The Other Me laughed again. "See, she is afraid," he said. "I am stronger than the love of woman." And, even as he spoke, Felicia reached to the wall and grasped the knife. She moved swiftly toward the form in the chair, and, with fire-flashing eyes and grim-set mouth, she whirled the knife on high and buried it in the breast of the Other Me. I remember feeling a dart of pain through my heart as the knife fell. I remember hearing a long cry of rage and despair, and then everything but Felicia vanished from my knowledge.

And when I awoke it was to-day, and Felicia is still with me, and I am clean, rid of the Other Me.







## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



WYNDHAM at Wyndham's Theatre! It has been a long time since such an announcement has been possible, for Sir Charles has preferred to act at his other theatre. The success of "Captain Drew on Leave," however, coupled with the letting of the New to Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry, has brought about the return to what may be called first principles, and with the New Year Sir Charles, Miss Marion Terry, and Miss Mary Moore, with their clever colleagues, will take up what it is hoped will be a long residence at the house which the popular manager built for himself when the scope of his plays outgrew the Criterion. In consequence of this arrangement, "Public Opinion" will be withdrawn before Christmas, probably on the 21st.

The necessity for Mr. Walter Passmore leaving the cast of "The Blue Moon" at the Lyric, to be available for the night rehearsals of "Cinderella" at Drury Lane, which are an inevitable part of the preparation of the pantomime, will likewise be the occasion of a change in the cast of "Among the Stars" at the Hippodrome, for Mr. Bert Gilbert, whose portrait was reproduced on this page a couple of weeks ago, will take up Mr. Passmore's part.

Mr. Gilbert is a most versatile man, for he paints, writes, and composes songs, and has no little skill as a trick cyclist; while he has also distinguished himself at swimming and cricket, to say nothing of having passed through that most difficult of all ordeals, the successful editing of a humorous paper. He comes of a race of actors, and is himself the representative of the fourth generation of well-known players. His father was the lessee of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Wolverhampton, for thirty-seven years, and his mother was one of the most popular members of the company of the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, where she played everything from Shakspeare to pantomime. His grandfather was a very industrious playwright, who produced over three hundred dramas and farces for the late Mrs Sarah Lane, of the Britannia Theatre, while his great-grandfather was for many years a member of the Drury Lane company, where he specialised in Yorkshire parts and quaint characters; and a great-uncle was a well-known landscape painter.

Mr. Gilbert himself has had thorough training in humorous work, for he has played in nineteen pantomimes and was engaged for Manchester five times in nine years. He has visited Australia, and on his return to London, in 1899, he produced at the halls a sketch of his own, with which he was so successful that he was at the Palace Theatre for nearly six months. His more recent success in "My Lady Molly," in which he played Micky O'Dowd, will be remembered, while he has done splendid work in the provinces with Mr. George Edwardes's companies.

When Mr. Gilbert leaves the Hippodrome, which will be not later than next Monday, his part will be taken by Mr. T. W. Volt.

After next Saturday evening's performance, the Scala Theatre will be closed, in order to allow Mr. Forbes Robertson to take a much-needed rest, for, though not actually ill, he is very much run down. His admirers will join in the hope that a sojourn in a more genial climate than that which London affords in December will completely restore him to health, so that he will be able to reappear early in the New Year.

References having been made in many of the daily papers to Miss Winifred Emery's illness, it is pleasant to be able to state that she is making as good a recovery as could be desired. The trouble arose through the breaking down of the wound made by the surgeons many months ago; and as the present operation occurred about three weeks since, it is obvious that the recent remarks on the popular actress's condition were rather belated. It is gratifying to know that had Mr. Maude been able to open the Playhouse at the time first appointed, Miss Emery would have been able to appear, and therefore it may be assumed that her medical advisers have all along been satisfied with her progress and condition.

On Sunday evening, the Pioneers, whose aims and objects have already been explained on this page, will give their first performance at the Scala, producing "The Firefly," a play in a Prologue and three Acts, by Mr. William Toynbee, in which Miss Lilius Waldegrave, Miss Helen Ferrers, Mr. Marsh Allen, Mr. Edmund Gwenn, Mr. William Devereux, Mr. C. M. Lowne, and Mr. Dennis Eadie will appear. This will be preceded by a musical absurdity, "Hero and Heroine," by Audley End and Haverford West, in which Miss Kate Cutler and Mr. Arthur Playfair will act.

Appropriate as is the spirit of pantomime to Christmas time, it will have to hide its diminished head this year before the glory of Shakspeare at the West End. While there will be only one pantomime—Drury Lane—no fewer than three houses will be devoted to Shakspeare, and in two of them, fairies will appropriately hold high revel. Mr. Tree intends to revive "The Tempest" for a fortnight; at the Garrick Mr. Bouchier has decided to give additional performances of "The Merchant of Venice" instead of his usual Christmas entertainment; and at the Adelphi Mr. Otho Stuart's magnificently received revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will upset the calendar and turn our thoughts of the season to its antipodes. Both at the Garrick and at the Adelphi, there will be matinées every day during Christmas week and on most days of the following week.

The Play-Reading Society, which exists for the promotion and production of plays by unknown authors, has reason to congratulate itself on its first success. It intended to produce a play by Miss

Estelle Burney, "The Greater Glory," at a matinée last week, so that managers might see it. Without the necessity of doing so, however, it has achieved its object, and the play is being considered with a view to production for a run at a West-End theatre. The first matinée of the Society has now been fixed for the first week in February, at the Imperial Theatre, and if Miss Burney's play is definitely disposed of by then, a work which is regarded as almost equally promising will be produced as a substitute.



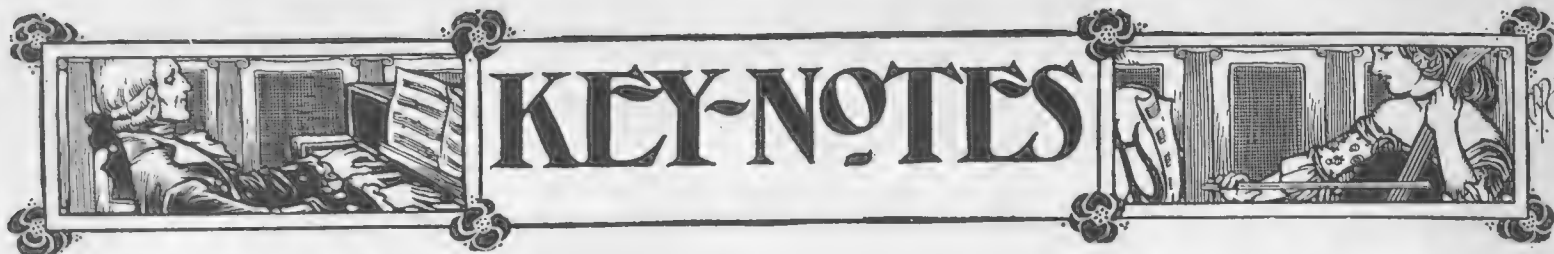
AN ITALIAN PREMIER DANSEUR IN LONDON: SIGNOR VITTORIO DE VINCENTI, WHO IS DANCING IN "SPRING MAGIC" AT THE COLISEUM.



A DANCER IN "TITANIA'S BOWER": Mlle. MORINO, WHO IS APPEARING IN "SPRING MAGIC," AT THE LONDON COLISEUM.

Mlle. Morino makes her first appearance in England on this occasion. Signor de Vincenti is a premier danseur from the San Carlo, Naples, and La Scala, Milan. The dancers are supported by the Coliseum coryphées, and both appear in "Spring Magic," the scene of which is laid in "Titania's Bower."

Photographs by Campbell-Gray.



THE appearance of Signor Busoni as the pianoforte soloist at the latest Queen's Hall Orchestra Concert, under Mr. Henry Wood, must be reckoned with as a musical event of some importance. Signor Busoni takes exceedingly high rank among the pianists of to-day. We use that word because there are so many people who, with a wonderful technical equipment, are striving to get to that position, that it is interesting and extremely satisfactory to mark a point where an artist has crossed the line, and become one of the great interpreters of pianoforte music. We rather regret that Signor Busoni chose Liszt's Second Concerto for interpretation; we say so upon this ground, that Liszt practically wrote for himself, and that he made an almost audacious venture when he challenged the younger school of players. Signor Busoni, however, quite lives up to the ideal of this, and, despite the enormous technical difficulties of the piece, he played it as though he were simply dealing with merely common pianoforte work, and as if his treatment required no particular or special training for the attainment of his end. In a word, Busoni is a magnificent artist, and his playing, whether confronted by the greatest possible difficulties or not, has this supreme quality, that it always seems to be simple until you begin to analyse all the qualities which have made for its simplicity.

At the same concert Mr. Henry Wood conducted Dvorak's Symphony (No. 5, in E Minor) known as "From the New World." It is somewhat engrossing that Dvorak should so often sink his

personality in the new ideas received by his brain. It has often been said that the gipsy element which belongs to all Bohemian musical thought can change to every new musical ideal. The gipsy is naturally something of a wanderer, and Dvorak, who is Bohemian to the finger-tips, always likes to wander in his music among those ideas of music which belong essentially to elementary things. Therefore, his Symphony, "From the New World," which was given with very great enthusiasm and distinction by the Queen's Hall Orchestra, marks, possibly, the highest point of this particular class of music. What struck one as being so particularly delightful was that, though Dvorak was most intent upon composing music simply for the sake of his own individual genius, he could not resist the influence of either Wagner or Beethoven. The



A YOUNG AMERICAN VIOLINIST: MR. ALBERT SPALDING, WHO MADE A SUCCESSFUL APPEARANCE AT QUEEN'S HALL RECENTLY.

The young virtuoso whose portrait we give divided his earlier studies between New York and Florence, shares with Mozart the honour of having gained a diploma at the Bologna Conservatoire at the age of fourteen, and made his professional début at the Nouveau Théâtre, Paris, last summer. He is the son of Mr. J. W. Spalding, a partner in the great firm of manufacturers of athletic goods, A. G. Spalding and Brothers.

nigger melodies which he embodied in the score were beautiful enough, and he treated them with the greatest intelligence and with an extraordinary insight into their meaning and their lesson. Nevertheless, he must have felt that, over all, the Western idea must necessarily, in order to make up a really great nigger symphony, exercise its influence and thereby give to Dvorak that which he has never claimed for himself, but which the world will claim for him.

Miss Nora McKay has given a recital at the Bechstein Hall; her programme describes her as "the Australian Violinist." We are not quite sure if Australia has only one violinist; nevertheless Mr. Leslie

Hibberd, who is her agent, chooses to describe her under this title, and her accompanist upon this occasion was Mr. Haddon Squire. It seems to be all a question of birth; Miss McKay was trained at the Liège Conservatoire by M. Fusin, and she has made quite a reputation in Australia no less than in New Zealand. She plays with much feeling, and she therefore naturally appeals to her audience. She is not quite in the first rank so far as she has gone; but it may be trusted that, with experience and by constant practice, she will take a very definite place among the violinists of to-day. Miss McKay, at the present moment, is perhaps handicapped by the fact that she is somewhat too anxious to make her own points, and is a little exaggerated in attempting to do so.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hobday gave, a few days ago, a Viola and Pianoforte Recital. Mr. Hobday is, of course, a past-master of his instrument, and his playing is always distinguished and eminently artistic. Mrs. Hobday played certain pianoforte solos of Chopin with success, and Miss Agnes Nicholls, who assisted at the concert, sang certain songs of Brahms extremely well. Indeed, it would seem that in these days Brahms is becoming the great attraction of the concert-room. For our part, we think that this idol-worshipping is not altogether consistent with the sense of musical proportion which every artist should endeavour to realise. Nevertheless, there is no doubt, that, in spite of opposition, in spite of everything that has been said for and against Brahms, his work is at the present moment being placed before the public with enormous insistence. We have very grave doubts, however, as to whether his compositions will really continue to have a hold over the various artists who choose to give concerts. We say so with no frivolous intention; but it would have been, we imagine, better for the Brahms cult if so much of his work were not given so easily and in such bulk to the public.

At the Bechstein Hall, Miss Fanny Davies and Mr. Richard Muhlfield gave, two or three nights ago, a concert of much interest. Here again the influence of Brahms was once more seen. The whole programme was devoted to that master's work, and his two Sonatas for Clarinet and Pianoforte were included in it. Herr Muhlfield is a splendid clarinet-player, and his work in conjunction with that of Miss Fanny Davies was very fine in value. Miss Fanny Davies herself played with extreme energy and vitality, and, one may add (although it is not always possible to say this thing), with great delicacy of feeling and with much refinement of thought. Miss Fanny Davies has very often given us the idea that she desires rather to allow the pianoforte to speak for itself than that she should speak for it; on this occasion she showed a mastery of her instrument which proved, once and for all, that her right to be one of the great pianists of the present generation is quite immovable. It may be interesting to note that Brahms composed the two Sonatas to which reference has already been made especially for Herr Muhlfield, and that the composer himself played them with his protégé in Germany during a very famous tour.

COMMON CHORD.

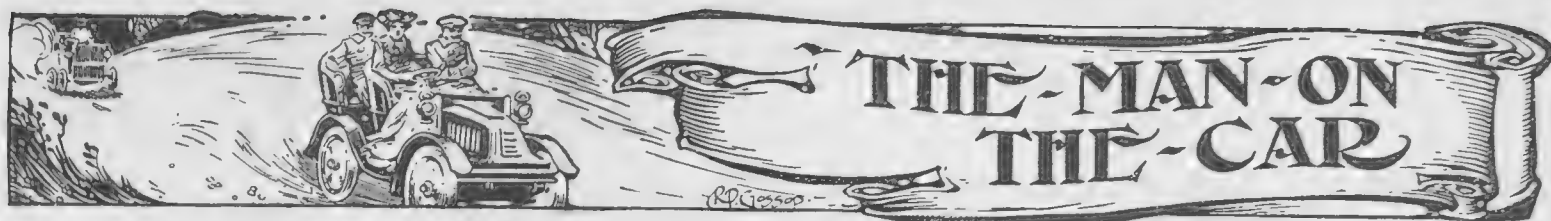


ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL PUPIL OF PROFESSOR SEVCIK: MISS EDITH A'VARD.

Miss A'Vard, who is now touring in Ireland with Mme. Ella Russell, is a descendant of a musical family, and it is told that her great-grandfather went to his wedding with his violin under his arm. She received her earliest musical training from her sister, Miss Janet A'Vard, and afterwards studied under Professors Pollitzer, Arbos, and Sevcik. She made her first appearance in London at the Aolian Hall.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.





THE SUCCESS OF APPEALS—EXTENSION URGED—THEIR HEAVY COST—OLYMPIA'S EARLY EFFECT ON THE SALON DES AUTOMOBILES—THE RISKS OF ONE NON-SKID—"THE MONKS OF 119, PICCADILLY"—DANGER IN GOGGLES.

WHEN the Act of 1903 became law it was realised that nothing in the shape of an appeal from the decisions and inflictions of magisterial benches beyond recourse to Quarter Sessions had been granted to automobilists. At the time of the passing of the Act this was characterised as an "appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober"; but from statistics recently issued by the Secretary of the Motor Union the results, on the whole, are not so unsatisfactory as the applied quotation was intended to suggest. Particulars of the appeals to the Michaelmas Quarter Sessions show that twenty appeals were heard in all, and of the score eight were successful, eleven failed, and one was adjourned. Now, taking due notice of the fact that Quarter Sessions are very reluctant to upset the decisions of the local Solons, except in very strong cases, this high proportion of successes emphasises the evil condition automobilists would have found themselves in had they been left without appeal from the provincial Rhadamanthuses.

Further statistics show that a total of seventy-seven automobile appeals have been heard by Quarter Sessions since January 1904, and of this number thirty have been successful, thirty-seven unsuccessful, while in seven cases, though the convictions were upheld, the penalties were reduced. Of the three remaining cases one failed on a technical point, one was dropped, and the last stands adjourned. Mr. Rees Jeffreys tells us that in view of the large percentage of successes the extension of the right to appeal has been most strongly urged on the Royal Commission; and that it should be extended is obvious from the fact of this percentage success, which points to a volume of injustice unfamiliar to any other category of convictions. At the present moment no appeal can be lodged if the fine imposed does not exceed a pound—in Scotland it must exceed ten pounds; and in view of what has been stated above, it is suggested, and rightly so, that privilege of appeal should exist altogether irrespective of the fine-total.

The cost of appeals, too, is shown to be very heavy—so heavy, indeed, that at present an appeal is a rich man's luxury and cannot be contemplated, no matter how great the injustice, by the man of moderate means. It appears that the average cost of a successful appeal has been no less than £70, while an unsuccessful one costs £96. These large sums are due to the fact that, when quashing a conviction, Quarter Sessions rarely, if ever, give costs against the police. Taking these points into consideration, the Motor Union has instituted a Legal and Legislative Defence Fund, out of which grants have been and will be made in cases

car exhibitions well might be. A marked feature of this year's French show is the absence of the crowds of English enthusiasts, who in past years have flocked there during the opening days. In time past the Automobile Club officials have had no difficulty in making up two large railway parties to travel the day before the opening and upon that day. This year the required minimum of thirty had not been obtained by the evening of the 5th inst., and the party



THE MOTOR ROAD-SWEEPER AND SPRINKLER WHICH MAY BE ADOPTED BY THE CITY OF LONDON.

The combined road-sweeper and sprinkler, which is the invention of M. Muller de Cardevar, consists of a water-tank, under which is fixed a revolving broom and two sprinklers. With the aid of this machine, roads that are thick with dust can be sprinkled with water and then swept clean; while cleaner and sprinkler may be used separately if desired. The second sprinkler throws water to a width of 20 feet. The vehicle is driven by a 12-h.p. engine.

Photograph by the Topical Press.

was abandoned. Some ultra-Francophile it was who, back in the autumn, scoffed at the bare idea of the English Show at Olympia having any effect upon the Salon. His cocksureness may wane henceforward.

I would draw the attention of car-owners to the danger of running cars continually with some non-skidding device fitted to one wheel only. The practice is persisted in without any realisation of the damage that is being done, and of the fact that the effort of propulsion in starting, and of brake-application in stopping, is being transmitted entirely through the non-skid-covered wheel. The half of the live axle, or the wheel spindle, and half of the countershaft connected directly with this particular wheel are thereby subjected to 50 per cent. more strain than they would have to bear if both road-wheels were similarly shod.

Although the British Motor Boat Club is but a formation of yesterday, it nevertheless claims Admiral Sir Edward Kennedy, K.C.B., as its Commodore; and at its first dinner, held on the 1st inst., it was honoured by the presence of Sir Evan Macgregor, K.C.B., the Secretary to the Admiralty—in a sense, the Pepys of the present time—and Lady Macgregor. Ladies were present in considerable numbers, and Miss Annesley Kenealy replied to the toast of the Fair. The lady orator was rather severe upon the membership of the "A.C.G.B.I.," to whom she referred as "the Monks of 119, Piccadilly," who, at their annual dinner, lately numbered no less than 524 male men things and "not one temptation." Miss Kenealy was of opinion that the young but vigorous "B.M.B.C." was, in the matter of genuine entertainment, a pattern to the older body.

More than ordinary care should be utilised when purchasing motor-goggles to see that, unless made by an optician for the use of a driver with defective sight, they are glazed with plain, clear glass only. It is best to test the glasses in the open: a sight through them in a shop will not always reveal the defects to be avoided. Any goggles which magnify or minimise, raise, lower, or cloud objects in the field of vision, should be rejected by anyone with normal sight and by those who intend to wear such over ordinary glasses. Such faulty goggles, if worn for any time, are likely to impair the sight permanently.



ARISTOCRACY AND THE MOTOR: LORD AND LADY NEWPORT, WITH LORD NEWPORT'S BROTHER, THE HON. H. BRIDGEMAN, ON A CROSSLEY TOURING-CAR.

Photograph by Argent Archer.

considered worthy of support. Subscriptions to the fund, which merits consideration, should be sent to the Secretary of the Motor Union, 1, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly.

On Friday last President Loubet opened the Salon des Automobiles in the Grand Palais de l'Industrie in the Champs Elysées, and, reaching the exhibition a few hours after the formal ceremony, one found the show of 1905 as much like that of 1904 as two motor-

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE KING'S TRAINER AND HIS CAREER—OUR JUDGES, THEIR INCHES AND THEIR IDIOSYNCRASIES—ARISTOCRATIC OWNERS OF STEEPLECHASERS.

**M**R. RICHARD J. MARSH, trainer, of Egerton House, Newmarket, knows his business thoroughly, and he should have a successful season on the flat in 1906. Marsh is fifty-four, and has had a lengthy experience of horses, for when at school at his native place, Folkestone, he, at thirteen years of age, went to Margate and rode four winners of pony races in one afternoon.

Soon after this he appeared in public, and often donned the colours in steeplechases for the late Captain Machell. A victory in the Grand Sefton Steeplechase at Liverpool brought him right to the front. He rode winners on the flat until he became too heavy. In cross-country races he had few, if any, superiors, although he has broken several bones and has often come a purler. He started business as a trainer in 1872, and has turned out some good winners. He won the Two Thousand and the Grand Prix, with Paradox, for Mr. Brodrick Cleote; the One Thousand and Oaks, with Miss Jummy, for the late Duke of Hamilton; and the St. Leger, with Ossian, for the same owner. He has trained the winners of the Stewards' Cup and the Royal Hunt Cup on several occasions. But the real glory of his life came in 1896, when he trained Persimmon, who won the Derby and St. Leger in the colours of the Prince of Wales. In 1898

the "century surprise" electrified the racing world when Jeddah, trained by Marsh for Mr. J. W. Larnach, won the Derby, starting at 100 to 1 against. The master of Egerton House was very lucky to capture the treble event with the self-willed Diamond Jubilee in 1900. In addition, Marsh has trained some good steeplechasers in his time, including Cloister, Royal Meath, Captain, Scot Guard, Serge II., Jackal, and last, though I hope not least, Moifaa, owned by His Majesty. The Royal yearlings are said to be much above the average, and I hope Mr. Marsh will capture some of the two-year-old races at Ascot in 1906. He is farmer, trainer, and breeder, and has a busy time of it looking after his business. Mr. Marsh married, first, the eldest daughter of Mr. Thirlwell, of Sussex, sister to Mrs. Percy Peck. At the death of his first wife, he married a daughter of Mr. Sam Darling, the Beckhampton trainer. Dick Marsh, as he is known to his intimates, is a genial man. He never forgets old friends, rich or poor. He has a pretty wit, dresses in the height of fashion, smokes fat cigars, and affects light kid gloves.

It is somewhat remarkable that the many judges are all more or less under the average height, which would seem to prove that, after all, the best goods are packed in the smallest parcels. Mr. Judge Robinson is, to put it plainly, a natural man. He is certainly the last person in the crowd one would pick out to be the judge. He looks what he really is—a successful Fen farmer. In comparing notes on our experiences, I told Mr. Robinson that I once farmed land covering

six miles under the Duchy of Cornwall. His retort was, "You did not possess a single field of a hundred acres surrounded by a wall, as I did in Lincolnshire." Mr. Robinson is a genial man, fond of a joke. He does not use cabs, but walks from the station to the course. He does not smoke, and never takes anything stronger than water neat with his lunch. The deputy-judge to the Jockey Club, Mr. W. C. Manning,

who more often than not officiates as clerk of the scales at the home meetings, is an architect by profession. He is short in stature, possesses the best of tempers, and gets through a lot of clerical work in a very short space of time. Mr. W. J. Ford, who presides at the meetings north of the Trent, is under the average height. He always wears a top-hat. There are very few regular top-hat wearers on the course at the present time. I can only think of Lord Coventry, Captain Piggott, Mr. Ford, and Mr. G. Hodgman. The latter has, I am told, always worn a pilot jacket and top-hat for the last half-century. Mr. Ford is invariably thorough in his attempts to disentangle knotty problems. He is successful as a racecourse manager. "Prim and polite" would be a very fair description of the popular Nottingham official. Mr. Ford's son Willie acts as judge at many of the Northern meetings. He is conscientious and always endeavours

to give satisfaction. He invariably succeeds. The Ford family run a number of meetings, and most of them are successful.

There are signs of reviving interest in the winter pastime, although the hard-and-fast gambler is not satisfied with the pinched prices obtainable. The fact of the matter is the young noblemen who own jumpers do not bet heavily, and a good job too. The Earl of Sefton prefers steeplechasing to flat-racing, so does the Duke of Westminster, but neither bets heavily. Lord Suffolk runs a jumper or two, and other patrons of the pastime include Lord Villiers and Lord Cardross. It is well known that Lord Howard de Walden, who has some good

horses, does not believe in betting, while Lord Dudley is now a mild speculator only. Lord Dalmeny loves to back his fancy when he thinks his horse is good enough. Lord Coventry is very fond of seeing his jumpers win, but he does not risk much on them, and Lord Cholmondeley is not by any means a big plunger. It is pleasing to know that Lord Derby, a good patron of the Liverpool meeting, favours racing under N.H. rules, and I for one should like to see his Lordship own a Grand National winner. A

new aspirant to the sport is Lord N. Crichton-Stuart, a younger brother of the Marquis of Bute. The Marquis of Waterford runs horses over the sticks in Ireland. So long as our old nobility encourage the winter pastime it is bound to progress.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.



THE NEW OUTDOOR GAME: BASKET-BALL—ALMOST A GOAL.

Basket-ball, the invention of Mr. Hart, of Columbia, is gaining some popularity in this country. The ball used is larger and lighter than an ordinary football, and the game is played in spells of about three minutes' duration. From five to eleven players make a team, and the object of each team is to knock the ball into the basket-net which represents their opponents' goal. In addition to the two goals, there is a third net, forming, with the other goals, a triangle. A ball in either of the goals counts two to the scoring side; a ball in the neutral net, one.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



AN INGENIOUS METHOD OF TRAINING "WET-BOBS": TEACHING GERMAN OARSMEN TO ROW IN A FIXED BOX-BOAT.

Photograph by Carl Delius.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THAT all festivities should be accompanied by feastings in this sublunary existence seems but natural, and since a kind Providence has given us appetites, it remains a reasonable deduction that we should reasonably satisfy their leanings. Now, Christmas immemorially stands for peace and plenty in the mind of man, as do succeeding dates for pills and penitence in the calculations of doctors and greedy small boys. "You know you'll be ill, Tommy, if you eat so much plum-pudding," said prudent Aunt Anne. "Yes," quoth Tommy, "but it's *worf* it." Tommy was a bit of a philosopher, and realised that some crimes are "*worf*" their penalty. But not many, though pudding may be among the number when we are five or thereabouts. Meanwhile, in the interests of less venturesome juveniles, it may be advanced that Huntley and Palmer's Christmas cakes, of which there is an immense and highly ornamental variety, are in every case absolutely wholesome and harmless, as, in keeping with the makers' high repute, they naturally would be. The firm's specialties for the present season are so extremely attractive, inside and out, that every house-mother should provide her store-cupboard with representative examples. The "Polar" cakes, the "Banquet" cakes, "Mexican," "Canterbury," and "Chatsworth" are all worth knowing; while, as presents, the daintily devised fancy biscuit-tins brought out by Huntley and Palmer this year and filled with their choicest "goodies" are sure of warm welcome. One, which is reproduced on this page, called the "Doulton Casket," contains nursery-rhyme biscuits, and would form a very attractive section of the Christmas hamper or basket. Grown-ups

will, moreover, appreciate Huntley and Palmer's Breakfast Biscuits and "Royal Rusks," which are especially suitable for those compelled by the exigencies to adopt a light, nutritive diet.

Amongst presents of a strictly useful nature must be numbered the productions of Messrs. Scrubbs. The



BISCUITS-DE-LUXE: MESSRS. HUNTLEY AND PALMER'S  
"DOULTON CASKET" OF NURSERY-RHyme BISCUITS.

firm's Cloudy Fluid Ammonia in particular calls for attention. It is a preparation most valuable for all toilet and household purposes, and, added to the bath, is both exhilarating and refreshing. An excellent companion to it is Scrubbs' Antiseptic Skin Soap, which is designed to be used either separately or in conjunction with the Cloudy Fluid Ammonia. That all solid alkaline substances rubbed into the pores of the skin are injurious is a generally recognised fact, and it is for this reason that Scrubbs' skin soap is guaranteed specially pure and non-alkaline. Both preparations should certainly be tested by the housewife who likes cleanliness.

Some inventors are born to popularity, others have popularity thrust upon them. Both conditions apply to the American shoe, which has come amongst us to stay, and for whose advent we owe the American Shoe Company a liberal debt of gratitude. The long list of branches which the head depôt at 169, Regent Street controls is sufficient proof, if proof were needed, of the hold the American shoe has obtained on our feet and affections, and it would really seem as if the makers' proud boast that their "high-class foot-wear is the finest the world produces" were amply justified in the wide popularity the American Shoe Company's productions for men, women, and children equally enjoy. An extremely comprehensive and well-illustrated catalogue, which everyone careful or desirous of a well-booted appearance should obtain, is issued and dispatched post free. Should anyone remain in Britain still unaware of the products and possibilities of the American Shoe Company, this catalogue is certain speedily to relieve their condition.

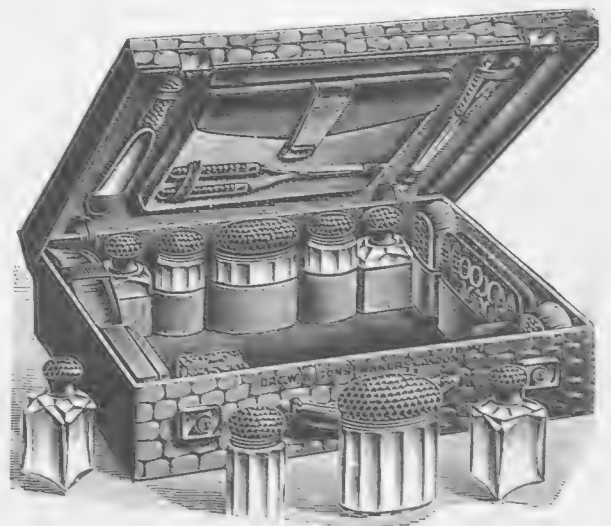
Godwin and Son, the well-known diamond merchants of 304, High Holborn, are showing an unusual variety of novelties suitable to this gift-giving season; and while the genuinely good quality of everything supplied by this old-established firm (which has now been in existence since 1801) is proved in its long-continued prosperity, the moderation in the prices which obtains will probably surprise many accustomed to the figures of more exclusive highways and byways. A few illustrations appended will serve to show the style of Godwin and Son's jewellery, which it is useful to know may now be obtained through the gradual payment system, which so recommends itself for convenience to the wide public of easy and assured though limited income. The diamond-and-pearl necklace with

platinum chain and one with amethyst are gracefully designed and very suitable for gifts. Many-coloured stones, now again so fashionable—as, for instance, aquamarine, peridot, and olivine—are employed in necklaces and pendants with the best effect and at quite moderate, not to say accessible, prices. Double-heart brooches, with amethysts and pearls, which are accompanied, where desired, with bracelets to match, are useful for bridesmaids' gifts, of which this firm makes a specialty. Two special features of the gradual payment system, as arranged by Godwin and Son, is that jewellery becomes the property of the purchaser when delivered, so that the hire system does not enter into the matter. Again, all jewels are sold at catalogue price, no increase being demanded for the convenience of gradual payments, which "sweet reasonableness" must surely appeal to all who investigate its concessions.

In that cheerful centre of the universe which we know as Piccadilly Circus men may come and men may go, but Drew and Sons go on for ever, and that they may never do otherwise is doubtless the wish of those in every corner of the globe who have at various times indulged themselves in the dressing-bags, luncheon-baskets, tea-baskets, and other specialties which have made the firm's name famous throughout the world. Illustrated on this page will be found the presentment of a quite unique lady's dressing-bag in green crocodile skin, the interior fitted with every imaginable requirement of the luxuriously minded in silver-gilt with gadroon edges, the toilet-bottles in cameo glass, which is one of the most beautiful, costly, and artistic processes of cutting, giving an effect that no engraving or other way of treating glass ever achieves. Being above all things up to date, Drew and Sons have adapted the tea and luncheon baskets which they first introduced to a grateful world to the requirements of motor voyages, and it becomes quite an object-lesson in comfort, convenience, and the great possibilities of combination to inspect the very complete collection of different motor-baskets just now at Piccadilly Circus. Besides all this, some especially charming Christmas presents, designed with good taste and carried out with good workmanship, are on view: manicure-cases, but such



ARTISTIC JEWELLERY AT MESSRS. GODWIN AND SON'S,  
304, HIGH HOLBORN.



A UNIQUE LADY'S DRESSING-BAG IN GREEN CROCODILE SKIN  
AT MESSRS. DREW AND SONS', PICCADILLY CIRCUS.

manicure-cases! ladies' fitted fold-up leather work-cases, encyclopædias of the gentle art of industry; patent shaving Etnas for the spoilt male, hunting-flasks, despatch-boxes, betting-books, clocks—Watteau, Empire, Louis Seize—in all possible shapes, many unique and unobtainable elsewhere. Light-weight jewel hand-boxes with aluminium frames, leather-covered and silk-lined, represent the last phase of convenience in travelling; while of silver ware there is no lack, from



A COMFORTABLE GRANDFATHER'S EASY-CHAIR AT MESSRS. HEAL AND SON'S, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.

cheap showiness is anathema. Nowhere does one find this fact better understood than in the long-established firm of Heal and Son, upholsterers, of Tottenham Court Road, in all of whose products a cultivated taste marches with excellence of workmanship. That low price can be united with both is strikingly evidenced in the case of an armchair in the rack-back variety, strongly made of polished English oak and admirably upholstered in tapestry, which is sold at the astonishingly low price of thirty-five shillings. What, *par exemple*, more grateful or comforting Christmas benefaction could one give than this, for young, old, single, or much-married friend? Also will this grandfather's easy-chair appeal to everyone who loveth a book and a winter's evening fire. An excellent idea for flats or for where space is limited will be found in the Dudley ottoman, spring-stuffed, which opens to take dresses or bed-clothes as desired, and can, like Goldsmith's famous chest-of-drawers, contrive to be an admirably comfortable bed by night. There is also a well-upholstered "tub" chair, which spells ease in every inch, and would defy the draughtiest country house in the kingdom, so well padded are its protecting curves. As a seasonable present, it would confer delight on many, and it is to be hoped, therefore, that philanthropists to introduce its various virtues to various grateful recipients will not be wanting.

The difficulties so often experienced in selecting acceptable and suitable gifts for persons of varying tastes and temperaments disappear almost by magic in the show-rooms of Messrs. Mappin and Webb.

Our artist has sketched a few examples which will indicate in some degree the varied assortment of beautiful and useful objects available, ranging in price from a few shillings to many hundreds of pounds. One of the most striking novelties is a graceful flower-stand made in the famous "Prince's Plate," with electric or candle lights nestling right in among the flowers and covered with beautiful silk shades. Messrs. Mappin and Webb have in one of their show-rooms a table laid out with silver and bearing a number of these stands with lights burning, and the effect is beautiful in the extreme. Other additions to table decoration are shown—a richly chased bonbon dish, and a hammered silver tazza of quaint design and most finished workmanship.

Also hammered in the new "Alexandra" fashion, but this time in "Prince's Plate," is the little "scuttle" sugar-basin, with a dainty little scoop fitted in the head. A present for either sex, equally novel, is the silver calendar and memoranda slate, complete with a watch, as shown—a very handsome addition to the writing-table. Pôt-pourri boxes in new designs in sterling silver, pierced and ornamented by hand, offer a wide range of

presentation pieces to trifles of the toilet. Tortoiseshell has also been pressed into the service with excellent effect, as will be seen by those who, unable to visit town, send for Drew and Sons' useful and well-arranged catalogue.

When people are accustomed to regard a shop as being distinctively high class, many of more or less slender purse are sometimes afraid to adventure themselves within the awful precincts, and so regretfully betake themselves elsewhere. This is, generally speaking, a great mistake, for although maintaining a uniform level of excellence, most well-managed firms recognise that a class of clients exists which prefers to dispense with ornament rather than essentially good quality, and to which

selection for ladies' gifts; whilst silver candlesticks and dessert-dishes, one or two of which we illustrate, will serve to show the infinite array of useful additions to the family plate-chest, especially acceptable to young married people. All these and more are illustrated in an artistically prepared brochure, which Messrs. Mappin and Webb will be pleased to send to any address, post free, on receipt of a card to any one of their three London houses, 220, Regent Street, W., 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., or 158 and 162, Oxford Street, W.

Clarke's famous Cricklite lamps migrated to their present repository and show-rooms—from the other side of Regent Street to No. 137—in March last, and all the dinner-giving world more or less may be said to have followed them over. Never in the birth and

progress of decorative domestic illumination has such picturesque effect been gained as by the use of Clarke's Cricklite lamps; and while it is easy to adapt them to the uses of electric light, the actual double-wick wax lights for which the firm is famous are unapproachable for soft, clear, bright light, durability, and cleanliness. The lights burn for quite five hours, and, being protected by shaped glass shades, are not affected by draughts; the grease cannot spill, and, once lighted, these lamps require no more attention. All over the world their use and beauty are acknowledged, and for hot countries such as India special qualities are made, the glass shades being fitted with punkah tops if required. The various standards for dinner-table and drawing-room use are both unique and ornamental to the last degree.

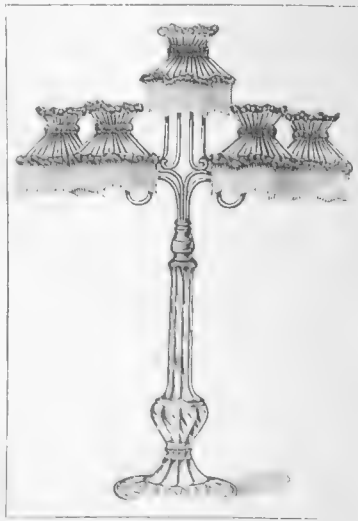
Most are in finely cut glass, others in Royal Worcester, some in silver, some in ormolu. Beside the specially constructed Cricklite shades with which every hostess is familiar, Clarke and Company have an exceedingly varied and beautiful show of lamp-shades in all sizes and in differently coloured shades of silk. These make appropriate and always welcome Christmas gifts. A prettily illustrated booklet giving coloured facsimiles of these as well as of Cricklite standards and shades is issued, and this would be of immense assistance to the country cousin unable to visit 137, Regent Street at the moment. It can be obtained free on application.

The Crown Perfumery Company have prepared some of their fragrant essences in specially attractive bottles and caskets for the forthcoming Noël, and as perfume always appeals to the innate love of

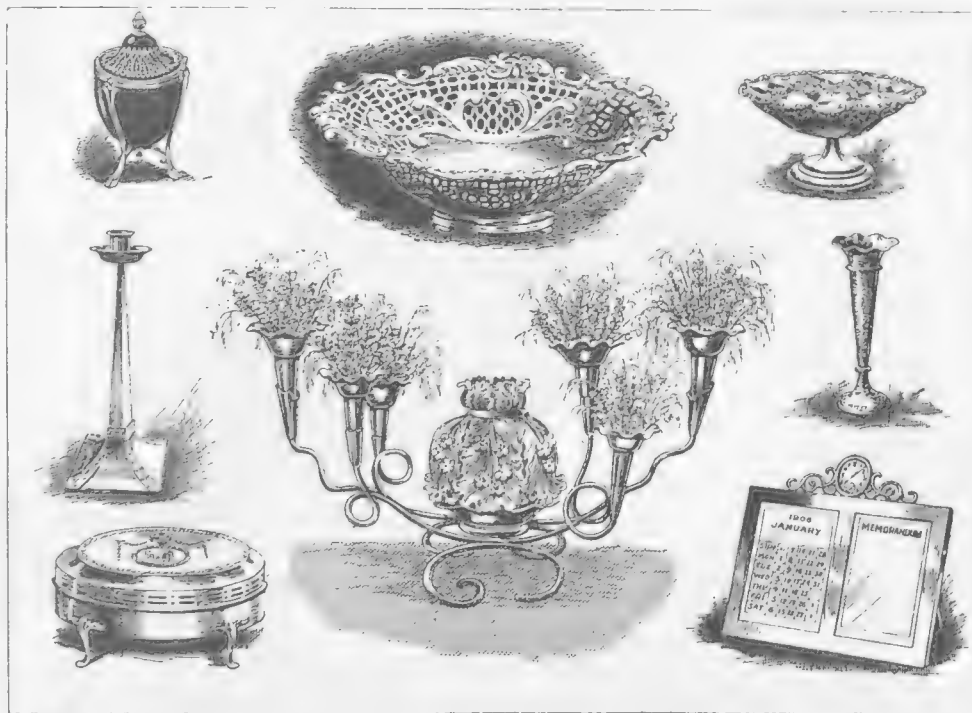
luxury, active or passive, but always present in every daughter of Eve, it may be granted that these daintily equipped scent-caskets will receive a welcome all their own, from whatever source sent forth. Most of the stores and chemists keep the Crown Perfumery Company's specialties, but should a difficulty ever arise the head dépôt at 108, Fore Street, City, will supply customers who may be unable to obtain the Company's soaps or scents locally.

Now that we have a White House in our midst, there is no longer any reason for the fastidious mistress of the dower-chest to betake herself to Continental centres for exquisite lingerie. That Hamilton and Co., of The White House, Portrush, Ireland, are able to meet the requirements of everyone,

from Royalty downwards, is evidenced by the important list of patrons which appears in a pamphlet called "The White House Budget," issued by the firm, and deserving the attention of every house-proud Celt or Saxon. The beautiful lace, cambric, lawn, and linen for which Ireland has long been famous is here procurable at most modest prices. So many of the White House productions are suitable for Christmas presents—embroidered tea-cloths, dainty bedspreads,



ONE OF MESSRS. CLARKE'S FAMOUS CRICKLITE LAMPS, SHOWN AT 137, REGENT STREET.



USEFUL AND DAINTY PRESENTS AT MESSRS. MAPPIN AND WEBB'S, 220, REGENT STREET, 2, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, AND 152-162, OXFORD STREET.



besides examples of the various Irish laces—Youghal Point, Clones, Carrickmacross, Limerick, and other famous makes. Specially arranged Christmas parcels of linen from 2s. 6d. upwards are also available, so that it will be found quite worth while to send to Portrush for "The White House Budget," aforesaid, as a guide to buying the firm's specialties.

Lovers of the curious and the beautiful should not fail to visit Debenham and Freebody, at Wigmore Street, before Christmas. A catalogue issued by them of their antique embroidery exhibits, with its interesting illustrations and descriptions, should be in the hands of every connoisseur, but those who can visit the exhibition should by all means do so, and will find themselves infinitely repaid; while for those of cultured taste who wish to select really unique souvenirs for their Christmas *cadeaux*, the present show is an opportunity to be seized with gratitude. Fascinating relics of another time and manner at extremely get-at-able prices will appeal to everybody. Old Battersea enamels, thimbles in Chelsea ware, gold seals, pinchbeck chatelaines, seventeenth-century chasubles, carved wooden figures of old Naples, brooches and earrings of old Marcasite, antique paste buttons, and some quite wonderful examples of Italian and Sicilian embroidered linen are to be seen, some of the sheets being surrounded with borders of cut work and needle-point. The collection of embroidered silk pictures is unique, and here one can find brocades with pedigrees and samplers curious and rare worked by industrious fingers long since dust. This charming little view reproduced was doubtless worked by someone who loved the quaint old country house it represents, and who used her hair and black silk for that pious purpose. It becomes increasingly difficult to obtain these genuine pieces of old needlework, so the present opportunity is one not to be passed over, as a really fine collection at quite reasonable prices can be seen.

It goes without saying that the Christmas and New Year presents to be seen in the show-rooms of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths', 112, Regent Street, are excellent examples of the art to which the Company devotes its splendid experience, and that they are worthy for anyone to give and for anyone to receive. Notable amongst them is the silver cornucopia for flowers, here illustrated, which is elegantly pierced, has a green glass lining, and is sold in three sizes at prices varying from £1 13s. for an example four inches high to £3 15s. for one six inches high. Then there are gold and jewelled brooches, necklets, charms, bracelets, pendants, muff-chains, pins, and so on galore; beautiful gem rings, gold and gem-set studs, buttons, sleeve-links, and tie-clips; gold purses, thimbles, and watch-chains; mirrors, dainty articles for the writing-table and for the toilet-table, vases and flower-bowls, sweet-meat-dishes and sugar-baskets, jugs, flasks, and smokers' requisites, tea-sets, knives, clocks, lamps—in a word, all that man or woman could desire in the way of gold and silver articles, ornamental or useful, or both. Those who are within call should certainly visit 112, Regent Street; those at a distance should write for a special catalogue. Glancing through this, and remembering a recent visit to their show-rooms, one does not wonder that the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths number the King, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the King of the Hellenes among their customers.

We are all so bustling and hustling at this busy season of Christmas shopping that attention seems given to everything else but the real necessity of clothing ourselves with warm *dessous* in wintry days of dripping rain or biting winds. A stitch in time saves many a nine in the matter of colds and influenza, however, so shopping folk or stay-at-homes may equally take note with advantage of the Wolsey Unshrinkable Underwear Company, of Leicester, who guarantee to replace, free of charge, any garment shrunk in washing, and who, on that account alone, should strike the keynote of success with their specialty, since shrunken woollen underwear is one of the

minor discomforts of life from which we have all suffered and would willingly suffer no more.

It will be welcome news for many who have been accustomed to betake themselves annually towards the Maison de Blanc in the Boulevard des Capucines, for the replenishment of their *dessous* and linen-cupboard, to learn that a London branch of that celebrated house has now been established at 62, New Bond Street. Here all the elegances of table and house-linen, blankets and bedspreads, hand-

kerchiefs and hosiery, lingerie for trousseau and layettes, blinds in the most glorified Parisian manner, shirts, ties, and men's outfits generally, are included in the catalogue of superfine things to be seen any day in the really charming salon which *le bon goût* of France has evolved from the British shop. Services of table-linen embroidered in various delicate colours or inset with rich Venetian point may be said to create the apotheosis of the decorated dinner-table. The bed-linens set forth with Van Dyck, Louis XIV. point, Paris point, Bruges, and other native laces, are object-lessons in luxury, some costing as much as £56 for a single sheet; while, on the other hand, seamless hem-stitched linen sheets are obtainable as low as 15s. Estimates of trousseaux are sent free on application at all prices, and it is noticeable that, notwithstanding the exquisite delicacy

of all its productions, the Maison de Blanc can advantageously compete with low-priced rivalry when the quality of its specialties is compared. The London branch is the only one that exists, so far, of the parent house. No offshoot is to be found in America or elsewhere, and it must be looked upon as a very distinct advantage that we have now on this side of *La Manche* the opportunity of seeing and purchasing what was before only possible in occasional visits to incomparable and artistic Lutetia.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. COWLES (Durban).—There is no law to prevent either man or woman wearing earrings if they wish to do so.

ESTERLO.—You will want clothes for sunny days and chilly evenings until the end of February.

BOURGEOIS (Somerset).—I do not think you will find much difficulty about the *entrée*. Blood bows to money nowadays, always provided the latter exists in sufficient quantity.

WIDOW (Lancashire).—The periods of mourning are now greatly abbreviated, and it is really more a matter of taste and feeling than hard-and-fast rules. I have known women marry in three months and others go in mourning for years. You may now be a law unto yourself in the matter with perfect propriety. SYBIL.

The Angloamer Fountain Pen is steadily securing a firm foothold in the writing world. Not only is it of British workmanship, but it is of British material, and its manufacture from nib to cover that protects it is carried out in a single factory. Both pens with nibs and stylographic pens are turned out by the firm, the capacity of whose machines is 43,000,000 pens per annum.

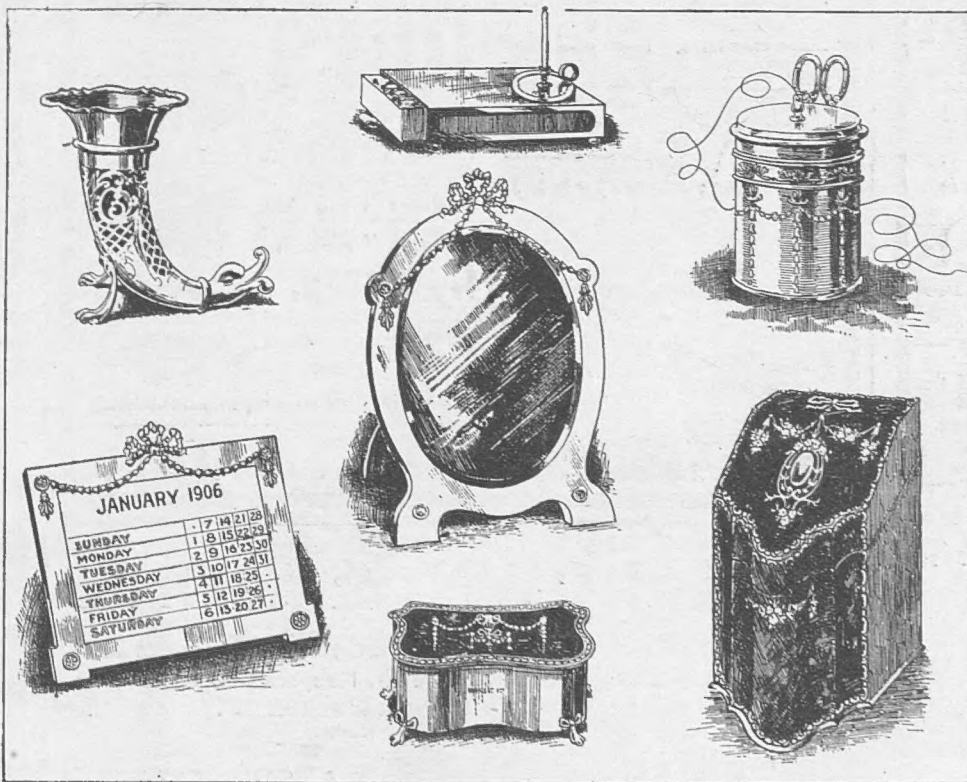
That well-known and popular firm, the Ardath Tobacco Company, are makers of goods specially desirable at this time of present-giving. Their cigarettes are not only excellent in themselves, but are packed excellently. Prominent among the brands may be mentioned the State Express "Astorias" (billiard-room size), an

excellent Virginia; "Quo Vadis," No. 50, a Turkish; and the Ardath (King) cigarettes, which are of large size, and are supplied to the House of Lords.

We have received from Messrs. G. Greiner and Co., 10 and 12, Milton Street, E.C., a sample of the swimming and jumping frog which they have recently put upon the market. The toy, which is made entirely by British labour, is retailed at 2s. 11d., and by means of a bulb can be made to jump on land and to swim in the water in a most natural manner.



A PICTURE IN HAIR AND SILK, ONE OF THE COLLECTION AT MESSRS. DEBENHAM AND FREEBODY'S, WIGMORE STREET.



A FEW EXAMPLES FROM THE STOCK OF BEAUTIFUL AND USEFUL CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR GIFTS SHOWN AT THE GOLDSMITHS AND SILVERSMITHS', 112, REGENT STREET, W.



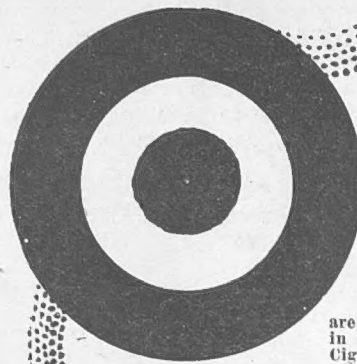
## Harlequin Flake.



A Concentrated Tobacco for Pipe Smokers. Delightfully Cool.

We belong to no Ring or Combine.

**GALLAHER Ltd.** NO WINDOW MONOPOLY.



## ARISTON QUEENS

The QUEEN of Cigarettes.

**RICH RIPE DUBEC TOBACCO, BLENDED.**

The result of over 80 years' experience in the art of growing and blending various choice selected growths of Turkish Tobacco has qualified the Manufacturers (Muratti, Ltd.), who are the largest dealers in Turkish Tobacco in the world, to produce this luxurious Cigarette at 30 per cent less than Cigarettes of similar grade. **ARISTON QUEENS** appeal to the man who loves and understands a really fine Cigarette, and is not satisfied with the poor specimens at present on the market.

Packed in exquisite boxes (for Xmas presents) at 5s. 6d. per 100, or 1s. 6d. per box of 25, at all Messrs. Bewlay's depots in the Strand, Regent Street, Cheapside, &c., or post free from Messrs. Bewlay's head depot, 49, Strand, London.

*Lola* LTD.,

Court  
Dressmaker  
and  
Milliner,

is now offering the whole of her Stock of French Model Dresses, Coats and Skirts, Millinery and Lingerie at less than cost price, and requests the favour of a visit . . . . .

10, DOVER ST., MAYFAIR, W.

**RO SMITH & CO.**  
NURSERYMEN AND SEED MERCHANTS. WORCESTER.



Many Acres of  
**FRUIT TREES and OUTSIDE ROSES**

All of First-Class Quality and in Perfect Condition for removal.

Offered at 25 per cent. off Catalogue Prices.

Must be sold because the land is required for building and other purposes.

THIS IS A CHANCE OF A LIFETIME AND SHOULD NOT BE MISSED.

Customers can call, select, and mark their trees, or, where this is not convenient, we will select and reserve them as orders are received.

INSPECTION INVITED. When also may be seen in large quantities Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, Aquatics, Herbaceous and Greenhouse Plants, Roses in Pots, Climbers, Vines, &c.

GENERAL CATALOGUE of Nursery Stock (over 200 pages and 300 illustrations, and full of valuable information), free on receipt of 3d. for postage. Please mention this paper. **RICHARD SMITH & Co., WORCESTER.**

30 times more nutritious than milk.  
**PLASMON**  
THE MAINSTAY OF LIFE.  
Added to the food raises the nutritive value.



Brilliant, £8.10s.



Opals and Brilliant, £13.



Brilliant and Rubies, £13.



Brilliant and Sapphires, £20.

No more acceptable Present than one of

**BENSON'S**

**GEM RINGS.**

10,000 LARGEST STOCK. LOWEST PRICES.

BY "The Times" SYSTEM OF MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

Benson's do not charge extra for purchasing this way.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS FREE.

No. 1, of Watches, Chains, & Jewellery.  
No. 2, of Clocks, "Imperial Plate," & Bags.  
No. 3, of Silver Articles for Presents.  
Mention "Sketch."



Brilliant, £4 4s.



Brilliant, £17 10s.



Brilliant and Rubies, £17.



Brilliant and Ruby or Sapphire, £8 10s.

62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C., & 25, OLD BOND ST., W.

## E. BROWN & SON'S

**BOOT PREPARATIONS**

(Meltonian Cream, Royal Lutetian Cream, Nonpareil de Guiche, &c.)

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

**MELTONIAN BLACKING.**

Renders the Boots Soft, Durable, and Waterproof.

As used in the Royal Household.



A SPECIALITY:

**"ROLLEDGE" AUTO-POLISH**

for Cleaning, Preserving, and Waterproofing all Leather and Enamelled Parts of **MOTOR-CARS.**

7, GARRICK STREET, LONDON, W.C.; and at 26, RUE BERGÈRE, PARIS.

**LIQUEUR PIPPERMINT**

MESSRS GET

FRÈRES

Quarts 5/-

Pints 3/-

DIGESTIVE INVIGORATING

TONIC STIMULATING



Refuse all Substitutes. There are many **CRÈME DE MENTHE** but only one

GET FRÈRES **PIPPERMINT** Liqueur.

See that you get it from your Wine Merchant.

Free sample on application to Sole Agent for United Kingdom and British Colonies: B. LAURIEZ, 6, Fenchurch Bldg., LONDON.

**PASTA**



**MACK**

A DELIGHTFUL NECESSITY FOR BATH & TOILET.

**PASTA MACK** is made in Perfumed Tablets. Sparkling and Effervescent when placed in the water. Beautifies the complexion, softens the water, yields a delicious perfume to the skin. In elegant boxes at 2/6 and 1/-.

**PASTA MACK SOAP** A perfect hygienic Soap. A delightful novelty. Lovely perfume. To be had of all Chemists and Perfumers in boxes of three Tablets, 2/6; single Tablets, 1/0d. each.

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## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 27.*

## STILL DULL, BUT HOPEFUL.

THE Stock Exchange, under the influence of home and foreign politics, has pretty well resigned itself to its present stagnation for the rest of this year; but every other man you meet talks of the boom that is to come next spring, and lives on the anticipation.

As in mining, so in most things, the expected is far better than the reality; but, in all seriousness, unless the advent of the new Radical Government upsets calculations, there is little doubt that the activity which is apparent in nearly all trades, especially in Lancashire and in the coal and iron trade, must bring a corresponding rise in industrial securities and in Home Rails.

For the moment, Motor-Buses and Rubber Companies are the fashion, and we hear of two Motor-Bus concerns and an Anglo-Abyssinian Rubber Company that may be expected. The latter will possess a concession for the sole collection and export of india-rubber from the kingdom of Menelek, to many parts of which the rubber vine is indigenous. The issue will be both interesting and curious, as among the first efforts to open British trade with the most flourishing and powerful native state in Africa.

There is some unnecessary alarm over the hitch in the negotiations for the prolongation of the Nitrate Combination, and we expect to see Nitrate shares put down. The position, however, is that the whole of the possible output for 1906 has been sold already at good prices, as well as a large part of that for 1907, and the hitch has, so far, had no effect on prices. Long before over-production can affect profits, it is pretty certain wiser counsels will prevail, and the Combination be renewed in some form. At any rate, holders of shares need feel no alarm as to profits for the next eighteen months.

## LAND COMPANIES' SHARES.

Early in the autumn the Stock Exchange indulged in a land boom which embraced properties as far apart as Rhodesia and Hudson's Bay, the Argentine Republic and the Chinese Empire. After a short spasm of vast excitement in a few specialty shares, matters moved into their regular grooves, and now the land markets are conspicuous for anything but activity. The clique which has the Hudson's Bay market in hand allowed the enthusiasm to simmer out of the shares by charging absurd rates of contango, while Pekin Syndicates and other Chinese shares rapidly receded upon inside profit-taking. Nor did the imposing demonstration of strength in the shilling deferred shares (which were run up to nearly 250) suffice to beguile the public into supposing that the Ordinary shares must be worth an enormous premium if the Deferred stood at a really fanciful figure. The Canadian land shares will probably remain quiescent until the spring. Very little can be done during winter months, and it may be March or April before the public begin to take an interest in them once more. The success of the Calgary and Edmonton Land Company in its suit against the Dominion Government some month or two ago will encourage speculation in the shares of these undertakings, and holders should be content to await developments. Argentine Land shares have sunk into a semi-comatose state, most trying to the bull who is carrying-over in a dead market, but not surprising to the investor with shares put away until speculation in them revives, as it assuredly will. With regard to Chartered, the only advice we have to offer at the moment is the purely negative counsel not to be caught a bear of the shares. Any little rise brings floods of shares to market, but all the same, support can be depended upon after a merely slight relapse. Greater possibilities attach to Tanganyika Concessions shares, although these are under the influence of Kaffirs as a whole, and therefore likely to remain a dullish market for some time. Hudson's Bays, heavy shares though they be, are the things to put away for improvement in value.

## THE LANCEFIELD GOLD-MINING COMPANY.

No one knows better than our correspondent "Q" that mining is out of fashion, but he is a believer in the policy of buying when things are cheap, and we are sure the following note will prove of interest. It was written before the publication of Mr. Hoover's report a few days ago, but nothing in that document modifies "Q's" facts or opinions.

You will have gathered from what I wrote some two months ago that I did not regard the immediate prospects of South African mining shares as very bright, and I am sorry to say that the conservative views which I entertained have been fully justified by the course of the market. Your readers may rest assured that I am

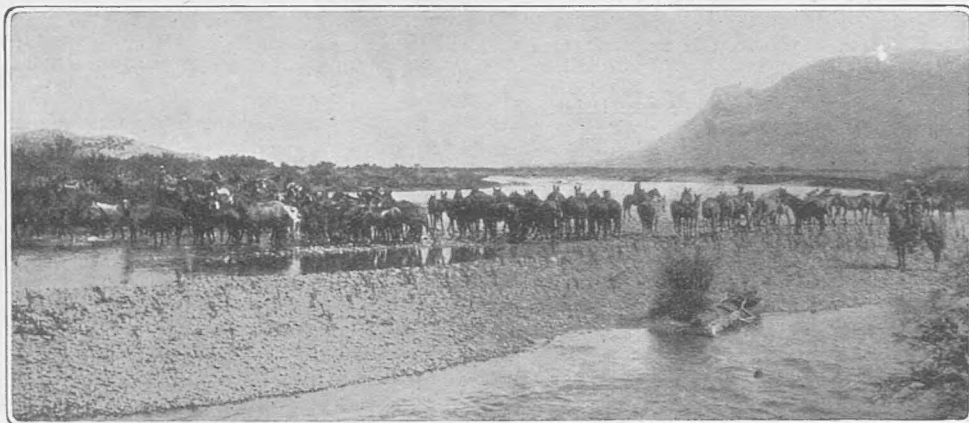
no fonder of Westralian mining shares as a class, but one must not allow a prejudice against a class to blind one to the merits of the individual, and when one sees a share quoted at a price which gives a reasonable probability of a return of over 20 per cent., and of an increase in capital value of 50 to 100 per cent., it is time to draw attention to it. The Company to which I refer, the Lancefield Gold-Mining Company, has an issued capital of £200,000. It is now proposed to issue another 100,000 shares, nominally 12s. shares, but ranking in all respects with the £1 shares, so that there will be in the future 300,000 shares, all ranking equally for dividend and in respect of capital. The necessity for this increase of capital has arisen from the fact that the present mill of fifty stamps has been found unsuitable for the treatment of the sulphide ore in the third and lower levels of the mine. Mr. Hoover, of Messrs. Bewick, Moreing, and Co., who is also a Director of the Company, has recently inspected the mine, and reports that it has developed even better than was anticipated; the No. 3 Level has been opened for 705 ft., and shows the lode to be 18 ft. in width, of an average value of 38s. per ton, and there are still 500 ft. to drive before reaching the end of the ore-body. It has been ascertained that by a system of dry crushing and roasting, similar to that adopted by the South Kalgurl Mine, an extraction of over 90 per cent. can be obtained. A plant capable of treating 9000 tons per month will therefore immediately be erected. This will take six or seven months, and meanwhile crushing will be suspended. With regard to the profits to be derived from the new mill when it commences to work, the Chairman, at the meeting of Nov. 24, estimated that an extraction of 34s. per ton might be relied upon, and that the inclusive working expenses would be covered by 21s. a ton. He stated that a profit of 12s. per ton might be fairly expected, and this would be sufficient, on the basis of 9000 tons per month, to pay 4s. per share dividend per annum. To be on the safe side, I should prefer to place the profit at 25 per cent. less, or, say, 9s. per ton; this would mean dividends of 3s. per share. I understand that the new shares can be bought for about 13s. 6d., at which price a dividend of 3s. gives a return of over 22 per cent. I have said nothing yet as to ore-reserves, but in this respect the Company is in an unusually strong position. At the end of last year there were over 200,000 tons of ore actually in sight, while no less than eight bore-holes had been put down and had proved the continuance of the ore-body to the horizon of the fifth level, thus practically giving another 400,000 tons in sight above the fifth level. This position, as the Chairman remarked, is a unique one in the annals of West Australia. If the above forecasts are justified in the result, the shares should easily double their present price within, say, eighteen months. In conclusion I will subjoin a quotation from an article by Mr. Curle, the well-known Special Mining Commissioner of the

*Economist*, who, although not infallible, holds sound views on mining matters. The following is from the *Economist* of July 8 last: "The Lancefield Mine possesses perhaps the most extensive ore-chute yet found in the country: it seems to be about 1,400 feet long, and the width of the lode is probably 14 feet, or say 140,000 tons to each 100 feet of depth. The average value of this is placed at 34s. a ton, and including as evidence a row of seven bore-holes sunk at the horizon of the fifth level, there are about 600,000 tons in sight. At present there are 40 stamps, but it is clear that if this chute is to carry its value to any considerable depth, at least 100 stamps are needed. This will be a cheaply worked mine. It is close to a railway; water and fuel are at hand, and the ore is wide and not refractory. It should certainly be a more cheaply worked mine than Cosmopolitan, where costs are now 18s. a ton; and assuming an extraction of round about 30s. a ton, there should be 10s. a ton profit. As yet, owing to too coarse crushing, too small a cyanide plant, and pending the treatment of concentrates, the yield per ton is not satisfactory; but I assume this to be temporary only, and expect the Lancefield to become a valuable property."

## FOREIGN BONDS.

In some future day we shall all be wondering at the grossness of vision that prevented us from appreciation of the cheapness of Russian bonds in December 1905. The debatable point, however, is to what further extent the country may be plunged into the weltering chaos of revolution. While there is danger, on the one hand, of being misled by the campaign instituted against Russia by parties working for their financial interest, the peril of optimism must also be recognised. But, looking broadly at the situation, the impartial observer would say that, though the risk of a moratorium is not slight, the ultimate settlement of the country's finances will be a matter only of time. And at 80, Russians pay 5 per cent. on the money.

It is appropriate to draw attention to the rapidly approaching redemption of the 6 per cent. Argentine Funding Loan, the bonds of which have been consistently recommended in these columns as sound investments. There is no object in either buying or selling them now, for on January 1st, 1906, they will be paid off at par, with 1½ per cent. for the coupon, less eighteenpence income tax on the latter. The Argentine 6 per cent. Railway Loan of 1881 is another investment consistently urged here, and the outstanding issue is rapidly dwindling under the half-yearly drawings. But at par, plus a fraction for accrued interest, the bonds are always worth having. Argentine Cédulas, now, are no investment at all, though as a rank gamble the Provincial Series can be bought, for sale at 30. Returning to investments, Chinese Imperial Railway 5 per cent. bonds, about 104½, have attracted much quiet attention lately, and the price should go to 110. Drawings do not commence until 1915, three years after the same treatment begins to apply to Egyptian Unified Fours. These, of course, are excellent bonds, standing at 104½, their coupons being payable on May 1st and November 1st. There is a good prospect of improvement in Turkish 4 per cent. Unified bonds, which at 90½ are being well bought by shrewd houses.



THE ARGENTINE SOUTHERN LAND COMPANY: COLTS CROSSING THE RIVER CHUBUT.



## OUR BROKEN HILL LETTER.

In continuation of his communication in our issue of Nov. 29, our Broken Hill correspondent sends us the following notes upon the position generally at the great silver centre, which, from a market point of view, is almost the only fashionable mining district at present—

The present position of Broken Hill is good. Metals are of excellent value; renewed interest, as I stated before, is being taken in the mines, profits are steady and large (the North makes £1,000 per week and Block 10 £1,400—these are examples), and at the end of last month the mines employed 7,310 men in Broken Hill, and another 2,000 at Port Pirie, Cockle Creek, Bellambi, and other distant "dependents" on the Barrier.

A couple or three years ago I suggested in *The Sketch* that the British (then working solely on Block 15) should test Block 16. A little desultory attention was given to the Thompson section, but without any result. This year, however, genuine attention has been given to the block, and present indications point to this portion of the property proving even richer than the other. Already a couple of sets of stopes have been opened up in the Marsh section, returning up to 500 tons of good-grade ore weekly. This ore is hauled through the Junction Mine's shaft. On Block 15 a rigid search is being made, per diamond-drill, for the main Western lode at the 800-foot; but, so far, the ore-body has eluded the bore. The striking of it means much to the mine.

The "creep" in the Central Mine is stale news now. Ordinary work has been resumed on the mine on a smaller scale and with a smaller complement of men, but the end of the year may see more like the old condition of things. Meantime, the Company has bought Block 14's output of both leady concentrates and carbonates (also the British carbonates), and will be readily able to keep the Cockle Creek smelters going. For months past experiments have been proceeding on the mine with the Cattermole granulation plant, which is expected to work wonders eventually. Much improved work is now being accomplished therewith.

The Proprietary preserves its right to be called one of the wonders of the mining world. Its production for the past three months has been (besides gold, antimonial lead, and zinc concentrates)—

Four Weeks to	Silver (Oz.)	Lead (Tons).
Aug. 9 .. .. .	392,927 ..	5,020
Sept. 6 .. .. .	358,614 ..	5,008
Oct. 4 .. .. .	338,770 ..	4,995
	1,090,311	15,023

The Proprietary, ditto Block 10, is developing splendidly at depth. The South, Central, and Junction North also show well at their lowest levels, a point that was in doubt until comparatively recently. In fact, the South's 825-foot (the lowest workings on the mine) yields some of the richest ore on the block. Block 10 gets valuable sulphides (high for zinc) at the 1215-foot, though the lode here is inclined to narrowness.

Those English investors who have been attracted recently into Broken Hill stock may rest content. They have not been inveigled into any "wild cats." Bar a disaster or catastrophe, and always allowing that metals do not "slump," the coming year will be one of the most prosperous in the history of the field. Fortunately, too, there is no immediate fear of another water-famine; the reservoir carries enough water, even without rain, for two years to come.

Saturday, Dec. 9, 1905.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

EMPTOR.—As far as the market knows, no money has been received by the Company yet as the result of its lawsuit. We will ask "Q" to redeem his promise at an early date.

H. A. (St. Albans).—The shares are a speculation and depend on the course of the motor trade for the next year or so. The prosperity of the industry is too recent to enable a definite opinion to be given.

MISS M. T. P.—Your letter has been handed over to the publishing department.

CONSTANT READER.—We should not touch the Kaffirs, as things are now. Waihi and the two Westralians are rather mining investments than speculations. The American is, we believe, a good thing. Ivanhoes are good, and you should keep back some money for Premier Diamond Deferred if they go any lower. We do not advise averaging the Restaurant shares.

G. N. B.—We can add nothing to "Q's" observations a couple of weeks ago on the Colorado, or as to the dividend. The profits will be large, but whether they will be divided or not only the directors can tell you. See this week's notes as to the nitrate position.

## MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The sport at Sandown Park was well up to the average; but proceedings under National Hunt Rules will now be very tame until Boxing Day. I hope the Folkestone Meeting will attract a crowd, as it is carried on under liberal management, and the rendezvous deserves to succeed. Unfortunately the coast meetings do not, as a rule, go well, and it is remarkable that Wye and Folkestone are the only remaining racecourses in the county of Kent. For the opening day I like Bess Demdyke for the Guildhall Steeplechase. Royal Bow II. has a crusher in 12 st. 7 lb. in the Ramsgate Steeplechase, but he is the best of a moderate lot, and only in his absence should I suggest the chance of Typo. In the Novices' Steeplechase, Bay Duchess is the best class, and, in my opinion, Mentor, despite a penalty, should win the Three-Year-Old Handicap. I like Irish Channel for the Dover Hurdle-Race. On Thursday the Otterpool Steeplechase looks good for May's Pride. The Three-Year-Old Handicap Hurdle-Race may be won by Morna, who was unlucky at Sandown. The Chief has only to go to the post to win the Deal Steeplechase.

The Lingfield Meeting on Friday and Saturday will prove a big draw, provided the weather is fine. I am told that runners will be plentiful. Savernake is said to be a good thing for the Winter Hurdle-Race. Kolian has only to stand up to win the Southern Counties Steeplechase, and Long Suit may capture the Cobham Hurdle-Race. The Clown II. is the best for the Covert Side Steeplechase. On Saturday the Stewards' Steeplechase should be won by The Chef. Sweet Mercy should take the Ashdown Handicap. This is a very smart youngster. The Year's End Steeplechase may go to Centre Board, and the Hever Hurdle Handicap should be captured by Pure Glass.

## RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

EVERY holiday sees some fresh enterprise, some extension of facilities, and in numerous cases accelerated services. This Yuletide, the up-to-date Great Western Railway have issued a veritable budget of facilities for travel to and from all parts of their great system. The arrangements are set out in a special programme so clearly and concisely that he who runs may read, and the would-be excursionist in a desperate hurry can find particulars of the excursions to South Wales, or any part of the line, as easily as the enquiry clerk can give particulars of the arrangements for the "Land of Sunshine," the Cornish Riviera. The term "excursions" is now a misnomer. What is offered is express travel, with best accommodation, at low rates, easily within the reach of all. Full particulars may be obtained at any of the company's offices and stations, or from the enquiry office, Paddington Station, W. Telephone No. 552 Paddington.

Following the issue of an illustrated card entitled "A Merry Christmas," the Great Central Railway Company have published their A B C Excursion Programme, containing ample and admirable facilities for those desirous of spending the holidays at places reached by their comfortable and expeditious route. Excursions are announced to all the principal towns and health-resorts in the Midlands, North of England, and Scotland. Copies of the guide can be obtained free on application at Marylebone Station, or at any of the Company's town offices and agencies.

The London and North Western Railway Company announce that the ticket-offices at Euston, Broad Street, Victoria (Pimlico), Kensington, and Willesden Junction will be open throughout the day, from Saturday, Dec. 16, to Saturday, Dec. 23, inclusive, so that passengers wishing to obtain tickets can do so at any time of the day prior to the starting of the trains, and so avoid the crush at the stations. Tickets, dated to suit the convenience of passengers, can also be obtained at any time (Sundays and Bank Holidays excepted) at the town receiving offices of the Company. Additional express trains will be run, and special arrangements made in connection with the London and North-Western passenger trains for the Christmas Holidays.

The same Company have made complete arrangements for the collection, quick transit, and prompt delivery of Christmas parcels in all the principal towns on their system, and all parts of Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. Special through vans will be run on the principal trains for the accommodation of the traffic, and additional delivery and collection services by parcel vans and carts between the receiving offices and the railway stations will be in operation during Christmas week. The reduced rates which are in operation are in no case higher than the rates by parcel post. Full particulars as to charges can be obtained at any of the Company's stations and receiving offices.

The Brighton Railway Company are announcing that by their Royal Mail route, via Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen, a special fourteen-day excursion to Paris, Rouen and Dieppe will be run from London by the express day service on Saturday morning, Dec. 23, and also by the express night service on Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday evenings, Dec. 21, 22, 23, and 24.

Those whose homes are in the counties of Hants, Dorset, Wilts, Somerset, Devon, Cornwall, etc., are fortunate in having such an up-to-date organisation as the London and South Western Railway Company to cater for their need. For the comfort and convenience of passengers holding ordinary, tourist, or cheap week-end tickets, the principal express trains from London (Waterloo Station) will run in duplicate this Christmastide. Much time usually occupied in partaking of meals beforehand will be saved, as passengers can travel, any class, by certain trains, and lunch or dine en route between Waterloo and the West of England, Exeter, Plymouth, Ilfracombe, etc., and to the South Coast, Weymouth, Swanage, and Bournemouth. Fourteen-day excursion tickets to Paris will be issued from Waterloo on Dec. 21, 22, and 23, via Southampton and Havre; also to Havre on the same dates; fifteen-day tickets to Guernsey and Jersey on Dec. 22. Full particulars of the holiday arrangements are given in the programme issued by the Company, which can be obtained from Mr. Henry Holmes, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E., or at any of their London stations and offices. Tickets, etc., can be obtained in advance at the Company's offices.

The Midland Railway Company, to prevent inconvenience and crowding, have arranged for the booking offices at St. Pancras and Moorgate Street stations to be open for the issue of tickets all day on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, Dec. 21, 22, and 23. Tickets to all the principal stations on the Midland Railway can be obtained beforehand at the Midland Company's City and suburban offices, a list of which is given in the Company's time table and excursion programmes. The tickets obtained at these offices will be available from St. Pancras Station, will be issued at the same fares as charged at that station, and will be dated to suit the convenience of passengers. Excursions will be run to the provinces, to Scotland, and to Ireland, and numerous local trips have been arranged. Week-end tickets will be issued on Fridays, Dec. 15, 22, and 29, and Saturdays, Dec. 16, 23, and 30 from St. Pancras and other Midland stations to the principal holiday and health resorts in England and Scotland, available for returning on the following Sunday (train service permitting), Monday, or Tuesday. The week-end tickets issued on Dec. 22 and 23 will be available for returning on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, Dec. 24, 25, 26, or 27, and the tickets issued on Dec. 29 and 30 will be available for returning on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, Dec. 31, Jan. 1, 2, or 3.